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THE
DUNCIAD.
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL
MUMBAI
400 001.

VOLUME III.

LONDON: NATHANIEL COOKE,
MILFORD HOUSE, STRAND.

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OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

EDITED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

Illustrated by Portraits and Original Designs.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

LONDON: NATHANIEL COOKE,
MILFORD HOUSE, STRAND.

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THE DUNCIAD,

IN FOUR BOOKS;

WITH

THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

[The circumstances connected with the composition and publication of this most elaborate of Pope's satires have already been related in the sketch of the poet's life. In the edition of 1735 (Poet. Works, vol. ii.), Pope transferred the whole of the notes to the end of the volume. If this was deemed necessary, though but in one impression, to free the ample quarto pages, it is certainly more requisite in editions of lesser size, in which the notes overflow from one page to another, and perplex instead of illustrating the text. Indeed, in most of the popular editions, by much the larger proportion of the notes are altogether omitted. We have to some extent adopted the plan sanctioned in one instance by the poet himself. We have detached the more general and lengthy annotations—such as could best bear transplanting (a few are better rooted out), and have printed them at the end of the poem, with the verses to which they refer, and with a title prefixed to each. In a letter to Swift, Pope has described the nature and object of the "Notes Variorum" with which the first complete edition of the Dunciad was accompanied. "I desire you," he says, "to read over the text and make a few (notes) in any way you like best, whether dry raillery upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors of the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients." Warburton states that Swift complied with his friend's request, but a comparison of editions subsequent to that of 1729 shows that he did little. The other associates of the Scriblerus Club—Arbuthnot and Gay, with the occasional help of Cleland—were contributors. The various learning and antiquarian lore of Arbuthnot must have been invaluable, but the assistance of all these friendly commentators was of very small amount, we suspect, compared with the

labours of the poet himself. He it was, who had wrongs, real or fanciful, to avenge, enemies to attack, and triumphs to gain. "He delighted to vex the dunces," as Johnson said; but he had more delight in seeing how well he could vex them. He put forth all his strength in the effort, and his success was commensurate with the labour. None of his works seem to have gone so rapidly through numerous editions; and in Dublin, according to Swift, it was read as eagerly as in London. Additions and alterations were made from time to time both in the text and notes. To the fourth book, and to the poem in its completed state, Warburton gave zealous assistance, overloading the text with his curious and often far-fetched comments, and adding some of his own critical feuds and enmities to the ample store accumulated by the poet. The edition of 1743, as the last seen by the author, must always be held to be the standard.

The conclusion of the Dunciad is one of the noblest passages in the whole of Pope's poetry—grand in conception, and rapid and brilliant in execution; and it may be interesting to show the various stages of progress through which this burst of lofty declamation passed, even after it had gone into the hands of the printer, before it arrived at its final perfection:—

FROM EDITION OF 1728.

Thus when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round and re-appear,
"Let there be darkness!" the dread power shall say;
All shall be darkness as it ne'er were day.
To their first chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal Dulness cover all!
No more the monarch could such raptures bear,
He wak'd and all the vision mix'd with air.

FROM EDITION OF 1729.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling power behold!
With Night primeval and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
Light dies before her uncreating word:
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach and secret might
Art after art goes out and all is night.
See skulking Truth in her old cavern lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:

Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause and is no more:
See Physic beg the Stagirite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.
"Enough! enough!" the raptured monarch cries
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.

FROM EDITION OF 1742.

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head,
Philosophy that lean'd on heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.

We subjoin the Prefaces and Advertisements prefixed to the different editions. It will be recollected that all the notes not included within brackets were published by Pope and written by him or his friends.]

DEFEROR IN VICVM

VENDENTEM THVS ET ODORES

FACSIMILE OF THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE DUNCIAD, A.D. 1729.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD, IN THREE BOOKS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON, IN OCTAVO AND DUODECIMO, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER[1] TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or in literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

---

[1] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem: for when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows.

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise: a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them; or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad: and he thought it a happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design. [This note is part of a statement published with the name of Savage the poet, but always believed to be by Pope himself. The assertion that the initial letters of the names in the Treatise of the Bathos were *set down at random*, cannot be credited; nor is the account here given of the circumstances attending the publication of the Dunciad to be implicitly received. The Miscellanies, including the Treatise on the Bathos, were not published before June, 1727, (the preface is dated May 27, and Swift did not arrive in London before the end of April,) and if six months or more elapsed after the publication of the Miscellanies before the fury of the dunces gave birth to the Dunciad, the latter could not have been completed before 1728. The poet, however, states (see Notes at the end of the poem) that the Dunciad was written in 1726, and published in the following year.]

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with[2] pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a[3] hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the [4]author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked[5] no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly[6] nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him: for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

---

[2] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed inserted before the poem.

[3] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cooke, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the laureate (letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9). "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c, (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own).

[4] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

[5] The publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

[6] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full[7] six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

> Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
> Duncia![8]

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other than the "Dunciad."

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T., Mr. E., Sir R. B., &c.? but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

---

[7] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, pref. to Durgen: "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

[8] The prefacer to Curll's Key, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION,

WITH NOTES, IN QUARTO, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the "Dunciad," than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reason given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of queen Anne and king George), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered, lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be Judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION,

SEPARATE, OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the "Dunciad," that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it: and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater "Dunciad." But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which, we also promise to insert any criticisms, that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;" which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVERTISEMENT

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

Whereas, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the "Dunciad," some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the "Dunciad," or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

ADVERTISEMENT BY WARBURTON

TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I have long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a com-

mentary on his "Essay on Man," and have since finished another on the "Essay on Criticism." There was one already on the "Dunciad," which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the "Dunciad."

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity: and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece; where, finding the style and appellation of King to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: we have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: and do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

DC. CH.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the "Dunciad," which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce: but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem, which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of everybody, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the "Dunciad." What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his

country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number, who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight: and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles,[a] and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be

[a] See a list of them printed in the Appendix.

pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there,) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation, supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling: for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire: and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own

have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.[10] But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any others were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault or Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has

[10] Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I.; after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only in such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them. I mean when out of power, or out of fashion.[11] A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself: as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.[12] I am,

Your most humble servant,

St. James's, Dec. 22, 1728. WILLIAM CLELAND.[13]

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[11] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

[12] [This quotation is part of a passage in the Preface to Pliny's Natural History which has been obligingly pointed out by the Rev. W. Turner, Vicar of Boxgrove by Chichester:—"Res ardua, vetustis novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam, dubiis fidem, omnibus vero naturam, et naturæ suæ omnia." It is a difficult matter to supply novelty to what is old, authority to what is new, freshness to what is obsolete, light to what is dark, grace to what is out of fashion, credit to what is doubtful; particularly to bestow upon all things their own nature, and everything to its own particular nature.]

[13] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

[To this note Pope or Warburton made a short and apparently ironical addition:—"And yet, for all this, the public would never believe him to be the author of this letter." A second letter signed by Mr. Cleland, vindicating the poet from the charge of having satirised the Duke of Chandos in his description of Timon's Villa, met with no better reception. The public ascribed both to Pope himself. There was, as we have seen

another defence of the Dunciad, published by Savage, but of Twickenham manufacture. In the case of Savage there was no need for standing on any ceremony. The poor poet "dwelt carelessly among men." Pope had relieved his necessities and he made him a liberal annual allowance. Mr. Cleland, however, stood in a different position. He was a man of rank, of taste, and literary attainments. He could not be altogether a *phantom*, like the shadowy author in the Dunciad, in the matter of these letters. The explanatory statements, the tone of sentiment, and the line of defence would probably be written out by Pope. His complaisant friend, knowing how tremblingly alive the poet was to all that concerned his reputation, and overpowered by his importunities, would then take up the subject, add at least part of the panegyric, and cast the whole in a somewhat freer and less author-like style. Such seems to be a reasonable conjecture as to the actual state of the case. There was evidently a community of feeling both in literature and politics and with respect to the society they mingled in between the parties. So late as 1739, when Cleland was in his sixty-sixth year, we find Pope acknowledging the receipt of a letter from him of six quarto pages. (See *Marchmont Papers.*) Sir Walter Scott has stated in his edition of Swift that Pope's friend was the son of Colonel Cleland, a Presbyterian poet, who wrote several Hudibrastic satires against the persecution of the Covenanters during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and who, after the Revolution, became Colonel of the Cameronian regiment, at the head of which he was killed in 1692. Any man might be proud of such a descent, for no cavalier trained to arms and chivalry could have displayed greater gallantry or true heroism than this young Covenanting chief. He was suddenly surrounded in the town of Dunkeld by a force of four thousand men, the same force that Dundee had led to victory. His own followers did not amount to more than eight hundred; but, animated by his eloquence and example, they resolved to give battle, and they succeeded in driving the Highland army before them after the latter had lost about three hundred men. As Cleland was addressing his troops and encouraging them to persevere, he was shot in the head, and, when endeavouring to reach Dunkeld house, to conceal the fatal accident, he fell and expired. He was then only in his twenty-eighth year. The brave young Covenanter could not have been the father of Pope's friend, for he was only sixteen at the time of William Cleland's birth. The latter was the representative of an old Scotch family, Cleland of Cleland, in the county of Lanark. His great-grandfather sold the lands which his ancestors had held from the time of Bruce, and William Cleland, like many of his countrymen of gentle blood, cadets of "good family" and small fortune, was sent into the army. He was, on his return from abroad, as Pope has stated, appointed one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland. In 1725 he was one of the persons in London to whom the proceedings of the Scots peers, who met at Edinburgh in that year, were directed to be communicated. In 1727 we find him gazetted as one of the Commissioners for the Duty on Houses; and his death is announced in the journals, August 21, 1741, in the following terms:—"Major Cleland, many years a Commissioner of the Land Tax, a place of £500 a-year." In some accounts we find Major Cleland represented as the prototype of Will Honeycomb in the Spectator—an absurd idea, for he was not old enough to represent the antiquated beau, and instead of despising scholars, bookish men, and philosophers, he was precisely one of this class himself. He seems to have been confounded with a Colonel Cleland, probably a relation—for the Colonel, too, was a Scotchman, whom Swift met in society in 1713, and who was anxious to be appointed Governor of Barbadoes. The Colonel gave a dinner or two to Lord Dupplin, Swift, and others of the Harley Tories, "laying these long traps for me and others," says Swift, "to engage our interest for him: he is a true Scotchman." Swift was then engaged himself in a similar pursuit, laying long traps to insure preferment in the Church at least equal to the Governorship of Barbadoes. How *he* succeeded all the world knows, but we are not informed of the issue of the Scotch colonel's efforts. Colonel Cleland, however, died in Barbadoes in 1718. Another Cleland is usually connected with Pope's friend—Dr. John Cleland, an unfortunate and worthless man of letters, who survived till 1789, and was an extensive miscellaneous writer. As this gentleman is represented as the son of "Colonel Cleland," we hope we may divorce him from all connection with the retired "Major" and literary Commissioner of the Land-Tax.]

EFFIGIES OF POPE ALEXANDER AND HIS MAN WILLIAM.

From "Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility Examined, and the Errors of Scriblerus and his man William [Cleland] Detected." 1729.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE DUNCIAD:

WITH THE HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

Dennis, Remarks on Prince Arthur.[1]

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true it may deprive them a little sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. Pope, 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

Gildon, Preface to his New Rehearsal.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may, with full as good reason, be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor. The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

Theobald, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Dedication to the Author of the Dunciad.

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler.

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[1] [For notices of Dennis, Gildon, and the other parties satirised, see the Notes at the end of the Dunciad.]

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. Scriblerus Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the declaration of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arro-

gant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[1] he was educated at home; another,[2] that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[3] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,[4] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith,[5] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[6] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[7] that he was a parson; one[8] calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another,[9] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[10] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,[11] a husbandman; another,[12] a hatter,[13] &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a demon: For thus Mr. Gildon:[14] "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanted nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal Father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his

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1 Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.
2 Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.
3 Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.
4 Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.
5 Farmer P. and his Son.
6 Guardian, No. 40.
7 Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.
8 Dunciad Dissected.
9 Characters of the Times, p. 45.
10 Female Dunciad, p. ult.
11 Dunciad Dissected.
12 Roome, Paraphrase on the Fourth of Genesis, printed 1729.
13 His father was a hatter.
14 Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edition said to be printed for A. Dodd,) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4, and 8) that it was written

Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common:—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place: "What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence."[15]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say anything of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery."[16]

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED;

who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth.[17] "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c., both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly

[15] Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

[16] Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of The Critical History of England.

[17] Preface to his Poems, pp. 18, 53.

show he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.[18]

"The Art of Criticism, (saith he,) which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Translated

[18] Spectator, No. 253.

Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,[19]

"That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont,[20] differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself saying in his Alma,[21]

"O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

[19] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.
[20] Printed 1728, p. 12.
[21] Alma, cant. ii.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation."[22]

That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it,[23] "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation. I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and slung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed, the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8,

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, Freeholder, No. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have

[22] In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curll.
[23] Censor, vol. ii. No. 33.

improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before.[24] Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it as his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be Mr. Theobald, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728) publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same journalist of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

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[24] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(Printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, "Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand

forth, that truth may appear! "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas." In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality,) to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMYTHE, Gent.[25]

"Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy (the Rival Modes), published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle. These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smythe, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq., and others who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenious that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

[25] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

MR. JAMES MOORE SMYTHE.[26]

"The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:[27]

"And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;

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[26] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

[27] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.[28]

"Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight."

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,[29]

in this apostrophe:

"O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays.
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And even thy life be faultless as thy line.
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:[30]

"Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?"

MR. MALLET,

in his epistle on Verbal Criticism:

"Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme is but his second praise."

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[28] Poem prefixed to his works. [29] In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.
[30] Universal Passion, Sat. I.

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

"Now, fired by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

"Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song."

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,[31]

"Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws."

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

"A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught.
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first, again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them.

[31] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the Character of Mr. P. and his Writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that, "nevertheless, he is a virulent papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England."

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners;[32] an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast.[33] Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[34] One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.[35] But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prose-

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[32] The names of two weekly papers.

[33] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[34] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, pp. 14, 16.

[35] Gulliveriana, p. 332.

cution.[36] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[37] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will one day show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets.[38] Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[39] Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses.[40] And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad.[41]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, "He has so great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*: that notwithstanding he possesses a *veneration almost rising to idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice, at the expense of that *other gentleman's* character."[42]

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce anything truly and naturally written upon love."[43] He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions

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[36] Anno 1723. [37] Anno 1729.

[38] Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.

[39] Pages 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

[40] Key to the Dunciad, 3rd edit. p. 18.

[41] A List of Persons, &c., at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

[42] Introduction to his Shakspeare restored, in quarto, p. 3.

[43] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, pp. 97, 98.

of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only."[44]

The author of a letter to Mr. CIBBER says,[45] "Pope was so good a versifier [once] that, his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior, excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to anybody's. And that he had all the merit that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days."[46]

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope,[47] confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to those mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we

[44] In his prose Essay on Criticism.
[45] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11. [46] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.
[47] Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

find the most happy turns and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, (p. 25,) it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer. A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had been buried in oblivion."[48] Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their words, the fore-cited character (p. 5) do in concert[49] confess, "That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden,) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

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[48] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, pp. 9, 12.

[49] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place. "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare, upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other: 'Sir,—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.' 'Sir,—I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.—CH. GILDON.'

"Now, is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear."

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[50] to the unknown author on the first publication of the said Essay: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight anywhere, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[51] I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[52] If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men;

[50] In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.
[51] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.
[52] Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.

the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) Ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools."[53]

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of £200 from King George I. and £100 from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey," in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P's., but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe:"[55] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greater part, of the merit of this treatise must, and can only be ascribed to Gulliver."[56] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

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[53] Rem. on Hom. pp. 8, 9.
[54] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
[55] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6.
[56] Gulliv. p. 336.

We are assured in Mist of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge, inasmuch as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now, let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?"[57]

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy.[58] If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[59] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, and even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless, most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles and all arguments: and that there was in those times no other writer, in

[57] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19. [See Vol. i. p. 149.]

[58] Burnet's Homerides, p. i. of his translation of the Iliad.

[59] The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing, but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And, accordingly, Aristotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange, (if indeed not more so,) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is

reported to have had, namely that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.[1]

Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely Dulness and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory,[2] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth,) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works.[3] He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce;[4] then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish

[1] Vide Bossu, Du Poème Epique, ch. viii.
[2] Bossu, ch. vii.
[3] Book I. ver. 32, &c.
[4] Ver. 45 to 54.

them;[5] and (above all) that self-opinion[6] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action:[7] and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name.[8] He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

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5 Book i. ver. 57 to 77.

6 Ver. 80.

7 Bossu, chap. vii. viii.

8 Ibid. chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. chap. ix.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies:"[9] but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved that in the places most suspicious, not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred.[10] True it is,

[9] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

[10] See his Essays.

that the talents for criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age. But it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath parelleled. With good reason therefore did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.[1]

OF the nature of DUNCIAD in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the PERSON of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putrid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first built their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts, with Jove's lightning, on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse in her various

[1] [By Warburton, but evidently assisted by Pope.]

meods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general; "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil men, from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little Epic, more lively and choleric than her eldest sister (whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic); and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of Epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a Satiric Tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old dull, debauched buffoon, Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy; in which, the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater Epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, un honnête homme;[2] but it never admitted of any

[2] Si un Héros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, Du Poème Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

doubt, but that the hero of the little Epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliests graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself: and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at."[3] This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gauge or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which everybody knows we have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them."[4] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our DUNCIAD: namely, "Whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?"[5]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is, that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force

[3] Dedication to the Life of Colley Cibber. [4] Life, p. 2, octavo edit.
[5] Life, p. 2, octavo edit.

and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis. But how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis nature's fault, and I follow her."[6] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) "summer-teeming lust," and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless, by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think, (argueth he,) to say only a man has his whore, ought to go for little or nothing? because *defendit numerus*. Take the first ten thousand men you meet, and I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty."[7] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life: not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the same he was from the beginning,—

"Servitur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat."

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us further remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own,

[6] Life, p. 28, octavo. [7] C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence, and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was exerted, not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result, rather, from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it,[8] of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime*, our erected faces, to lift the dignity of our form above them."[9] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits, and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden.[10]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all these are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever, then, we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great, who, being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off,

[8] Colley Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

[9] Cibber's Life, pp. 23, 24.

[10] Letter, p. 8

and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero, or phantom. But it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines,"

(though Laureate imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire,) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool."[11] However, the injured Laureate may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[12] live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin, the British bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of service to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven

[11] Colley Cibber's Letter to Mr. P., p. 53.
[12] Ibid. p. 1.

to make his answer by several persons of quality,[13] only replied with a sigh, Patience, and shuffle the cards.[14]

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person, "never a hero even on the stage,")[15] to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness; and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: "That every man is the carver of his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero, to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest." From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time, to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[16] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy,[17] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[18] to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power.[19] At another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[20] to Horace Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired;[21] to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[22] and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[23]

[13] See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.

[14] Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. chap. 22.

[15] See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

[16] Ibid. p. 149.

[17] Ibid. p. 424.

[18] Ibid. p. 366.

[19] Ibid. p. 457.

[20] Ibid. p. 18.

[21] Ibid. p. 425.

[22] Ibid. p. 436, 437.

[23] Ibid. p. 52.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth, he met the Revolution[24] face to face in Nottingham; at a time when other patriots contented themselves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution,[25] and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.[26]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[27] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault, for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all.[28] And what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement: even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion. For, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; the species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever

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[24] See Cibber's Life, p. 47.
[25] Ibid. p. 57.
[26] Ibid. 58, 59.
[27] A statuary.
[28] Cibber's Life, p. 6.

part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with."[29] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune."[30] And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery: "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c., &c."[31] Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian) and devolveth upon the poet; is now his property, and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowelled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, My dulness will find somebody to do it right.[32]

> Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
> Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.[33]

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[29] Cibber's Life, p. 424.
[30] Ibid. p. 19.
[31] Ibid. p. 17.
[32] Ibid. p. 243, octavo edit.
[33] ["Phœbus at last his kind protection gives,
And from the fact the greedy monster drives;
Whose marbled jaws his impious crime atone,
Still grinning ghastly, though transform'd to stone."
Ovid's Met. b. xi.—*Croxall.*
This quotation was first applied as a motto to the poem on the title-page to the edition of 1743.]

THE DUNCIAD:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bayes to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire: after debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother,[1] and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,

---

[1] In the first edition it was thus,

"Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
Say, great patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works* (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decried and curst,
Still"——

* "Di coeptis (nam vos mutâstis et illas)."—*Ovid. Met.* i.

I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decried, and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,[2]
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.[3]
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.[4]

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[2] [A parody on a verse of Dryden, Æn. vii. 1044:—

"Famed as his sire, and as his mother fair."—*Wakefield.*]

[3] [So Sloth, in the Dispensary, i. 116:—

"With godhead born, but cursed that cannot die."—*Ibid.*]

[4] The ancient golden age is by poets styled Saturnian; but in the chemical language Saturn is lead.

[5] In the former editions thus,

"Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness:
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry."

Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

Close to those walls[5] where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monro would take her down,[6]
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.

GABRIEL CIBBER.

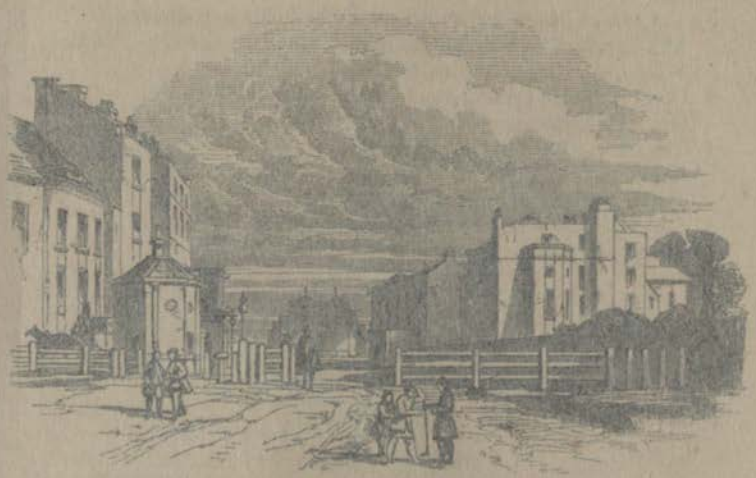
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,[7]
Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines:

---

[6] [Dr. Monro, physician to Bethlehem Hospital. He died November 8, 1752.]

[7] In the former edition,

"Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day," [alludes



TYBURN GATE.

Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty[8] here Dulness shone;
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:[9]
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:[10]

alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's Feast.

"Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ."—*Virg. Æneid*, i.

8 "The moon
Rising in clouded majesty."—*Milton*, book iv.

9 "Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent."—*Hor.*

10 "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shows, in Mr. Pope, a delight in profaneness," said Curll upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespear to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes, the very text from Holy Writ. In 'All's Well that Ends Well,' 'I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.' Ibid. 'They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire,' Matt. vii. 13

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,[11]
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob,[12] or a warm third day,[13]
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;[14]

In 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 'All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden,' Gen. iii. 8, (in a very jocose scene). In 'Love's Labour Lost,' he talks of Samson carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor,' of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in 'Henry V.,' Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son. The first part of this note is Mr. Curll's, the rest is Mr. Theobald's, "Appendix to Shakespear Restored," p. 144.

[Warton justly adds, "It seems to be rather an odd and a weak defence of using a phrase of Scripture lightly and profanely, to say that Shakespear did so."]

[11] That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, cant. vi.,—

"Within the chambers of the globe they spy,
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

[12] ["Genial Jacob," was the celebrated bookseller, Jacob Tonson, secretary to the Kit-Cat Club, and who amassed a large fortune. He built Down Place, in Berkshire, a fine villa on the banks of the Thames, afterwards the property of the Duke of Argyll—and he had an estate, Ledbury, Herefordshire, where he died, March 18, 1736.]

[13] [It was the custom, on the production of new plays, to appropriate the third, sixth, and ninth nights of their performance—if the piece ran so long—to the benefit of the author. Goldsmith, for example, made between four and five hundred pounds by his "nights" of "She stoops to Conquer." Gay obtained £693 13s. 6d. as his share of the receipts from the "Beggar's Opera."]

[14] A parody on a verse in Garth, cant. i.

"How ductile matter new meanders takes."

There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance!
How tragedy and comedy embrace;[15]
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,[16]
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green.
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen[17]
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,[18]
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

---

[15] Alludes to the transgressions of the unities in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon Time and Place, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c., if yet extant.

[16] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil. These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gaudy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene. See the Guardian, No. 40, par. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our treatise of the Bathos.—*Scriblerus.*

[17] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζευς.

[18] [Sir George Thorold was Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. See notes at the end of the poem.]

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.[19]
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

BLACKMORE.

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

[19] [Of Settle, Heywood, and other authors here introduced, see the notes at the end of the poem.]

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full express'd,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;[20]
Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,[21]
Much future ode, and abdicated play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through cracks and zig-zags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.

---

[20] In the former editions thus:—

"But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees gods with demons, in strange league engage,
And earth, and heaven, and hell, her battles wage.
She eyed the bard, where supperless he sate;
And pined, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought," &c.

[21] In the former editions thus:—

"He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly filled,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf," &c.

———"round he throws his eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay."—*Milt.* b. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the devil in Milton) through a Chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.

Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.

FLETCHER.

Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,[23] and here
The frippery of crucified Moliere;[25]
There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on out-side merit but presume,[24]
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;

[23] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

[25] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment."—Life, p. 217, octavo.

[24] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures;

Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dressed in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.

QUARLES.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great:
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear;

---

the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,[25]
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.[26]
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes: these an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsullied lays
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.[27]
Then he: Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,[28]
E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:[29]
O thou! of business the directing soul;
To this our head like bias to the bowl,[30]

[25] A very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

[He was born in Normandy, of Jewish parents, educated under some learned Rabbis, and for many years devoted to Judaism. He afterwards was converted to Christianity, and became a Cordelier at Verneuil, 1291. He taught with great reputation at Paris, and was made executor to the will of King Philip's Queen. He died in an advanced age, 1340.—*Warton.*]

[26] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called Translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library."—*Winstanley.*

[27] In the former edition,—

"And last, a little Ajax tips the spire."

Ajax, in duodecimo, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

[28] "A te principium, tibi desinet."—*Virg. Ecl.* viii.
"Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι."—*Theoc.*
"Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna."—*Hor.*

[29] A butt of sack is part of the annual recompense of the Laureate, which is now commuted for so much money, (about £100 per annum).

[30] [An improvement, as Wakefield remarks, on Dryden's Mac Flecknoe:—

"This is that boasted bias of the mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclined;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will."

[This

Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,[31]
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heaven decreed to save the state,[32]
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.

This imagery and illustration are inimitable. Pope had used the same simile before, in his corrections of some of Wycherley's pieces. I need not say, that the "byass" is a small piece of lead in a bowl, which prevents its swerving at first, but which, when the force of the direction is spent, makes the bowl "obliquely waddle to the mark."—*Bowles.*]

[31] [To the edition of 1735, Pope added the following note:—"The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date, (namely, writ at fourteen years old, and soon after printed, entitled, "To the Author of a Poem called Successio,") where they stand thus:—

"The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.
So, forced from engines lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly through the sky!"

We have not met with any publication of the poem on Settle before that in Lintot's Miscellany, 1712.]

[32] "Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servässent sedes."—*Virg. Æneid*, ii.

Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.[33]
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?[34]
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right-hand my god?[35]
Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.[36]
What then remains? Qurself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polished hardness, that reflects the peer:
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

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[33] "Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensâ fuissent."—*Virg.* ibid.

[34] [When Theobald was hero of the poem, these lines stood thus:—

"But what can I, my Flaccus, cast aside?
Take up the Attorney's (once my better) guide."

Cibber being intended for the Church, the Bible was subsequently brought in.]

[35] "Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

[36] [Ralph and Henley reappear in the future stages of the poem, and some account of them will be found in the notes.]

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought![37]
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;[38]
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,[39]
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,[40]
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

---

[37] In the former edition,—

"Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire.
Fair without spot; than greased by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to ape-and-monkey lands.
Or waffling ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit ale-house,* where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it," &c.———

"O born in sin," &c. This is a tender, passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

[38] "Felix Priamëia virgo!
Jussa mori: quæ fortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ," &c.
Virg. Æneid, iii.

[39] It was a practice so to give the "Daily Gazetteer" and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom. [Bland was the Provost of Eton.]

[40] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party."—Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the City, but in Moorfields. [Mr. Bowles quotes Ward's reply:—"The only excuse made in the Preface to the Dunciad, for the scurrilous liberties taken by the author of that murderous

* Waller on the Navy:—
"Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

Not sulphur tipp'd, emblaze an alehouse fire;
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, an infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:

SHADWELL.

Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest![41]
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

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poem, is, that no man living is attacked, who had not before printed and published against this particular gentleman, meaning the author. This apology, at first sight, may seem to the friendly reader no less than reasonable; but, in short, his unguarded assertion, though expressed in positive terms, without the least exception, happens to fall under the misfortune of being utterly false; for the author of the following poem (against Pope, under the name of Durgen), in answer to his general charge, does solemnly protest, that he never, till now, wrote a line that could give to the little gentleman the least provocation."]

Tate—Shadwell, two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face:
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;[42]
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires:
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.[43]
Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;

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[42] In the former edition:—

"Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,
When the last blaze," &c.

Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play:—

"By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk."

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother (a play written between Tibbald and a watchmaker). The Rape of Proserpine, one of the farces of this author, in which Ceres, setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-house. He had been (to use an expression of our poet) about Eschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation; upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram:—

"Alas! poor Eschylus! unlucky dog!
Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log!"

But this is a grievous error, for Eschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, *teste*, Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.—*Scriblerus.*

[43] [The names in the text are those of plays by Cibber; those in the note refer to works by Theobald.]

"Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed."

THE DUNCIAD, *book* i. *lines* 257, 258.

Sudden she flies and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:[44]
Great in her charms![45] as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well-pleased he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all[46]
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she plann'd the imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, revived, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

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[44] [He had his eye on a couplet of Dryden, in Mac Flecknoe, a couplet of incomparable elegance:—

"His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace;
And lambent dulness play'd around his face."—*Wakefield.*]

[45] "Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
Cœlicolis, et quanta solet."—*Virg. Æn.* ii.
"Et lætos oculis afflavit honores."—*Id. Æn.* i.

[46] "Urbs antiqua fuit———
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabitâ coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Si qua Fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque."
Virg. Æneid. i.

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heidegger and owl)[47]
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promised land expects thy reign.
Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;[48]
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With fool of quality completes the quire.[49]
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou, his aide-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.

---

[47] [John James Heidegger. Of him, and other parties here named, see notes.]

[48] In the former edition:—

"Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each famed theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more.
God save King Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
So when Jove's block," &c.

[49] [In edition of 1728, this line stood:—

"Impatient waits till * * * joins the quire."

Lord Hervey was supposed to be meant.]

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,[50]
And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."

COLLEY CIBBER.

She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:[51]
God save king Cibber! mounts in every note.

[50] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. II.—
"Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Fainéans," &c.

[51] The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year odes.

Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropp'd the name of God;
Back to the Devil[52] the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.[53]
So when Jove's block descends from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby,)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

[52] The Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a wit of those times made this epigram:—

"When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil."

[The Devil Tavern was Ben Jonson's great place of convivial resort and enjoyment. His *leges conviviales*, or rules of the club, drawn up in Ben's choice Latin, were placed over the chimney. The house was between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple Gate.]

[53] [Hockley-hole was a place near Clerkenwell Green, kept for bear-baiting, boxing matches, and other coarse amusements and exhibitions.]

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games, and sports of various kinds: not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c., were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the game.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat,[1] that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub,[2] or Flecknoe's Irish throne,

[1] Parody of Milton, book ii.—

"High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate."

[2] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription: "The Primitive Eucharist." See the history of this person, book iii.

Or that where on her Curlis[3] the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, with hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,
Throned on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.
And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).

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[3] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, in March 1727–8. "This (saith Edmund Curll) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call 'mounting the rostrum' for one hour; but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [Curliad, 12mo., p. 19.] And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeseth in what thou asserteth concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug." p. 25. Much in the same manner, Mr. Gibber remonstrated, that his brothers at Bedlam (mentioned book i.) were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,[4]
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,[5]
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,[6]
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and called the phantom More.[7]
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame.

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[4] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æneid x.—

"Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
Dardanias ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
Divini assimilat capitis——
——Dat inania verba
Dat sine mente sonum."

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary. There seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such an one is imagined by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

[5] "Vix illud lecti bis sex——
Quali nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."
Virg. Æneid. xii.

[6] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the form of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

[7] [James Moore Smythe. See Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, and Notes to Dunciad.]

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:[8]
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll; "Behold that rival here!
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell."[9] He said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,[10]
He left huge Lintot, and outstripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,[11]
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.[12]

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[8] We here enter upon the episode of the booksellers,—persons whose names, being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

[9] "Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est."
Hor. de Arte.

[10] Something like this in Homer, Il. x. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes, are also imitated in the two following: the first, of the bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

[11] "So eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."—*Milton*, book ii.

[12] [That is, Jacob Tonson, to whom Dryden, on being refused the price asked for his Virgil, sent the following verses:—

"With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-coloured hair,
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air;"

adding to the messenger, "Tell the dog, that he who wrote them can write more." The money was paid accordingly. The couplet before us stood thus in a former edition,—

"With legs expanded Bernard urged the race,
And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace."—*Wakefield.*]

Full in the middle way there stood a lake
Which Curll's Corinna[13] chanced that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
Here fortuned Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,[14]
Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.[15]
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,[16]
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.[17]

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[13] [Mrs. Thomas. See Notes.]

[14] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words *bewray'd* and *fimus* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance with modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this episode, and in the following one of Eliza.

[15] The Bible, Curll's sign; the Cross Keys, Lintot's.

[16] See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended:—

"Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, freumque,
Cœlestesque plagas."—*Ovid, Met.* xii.

[17] Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.—

ῥέε δ', ἀμβροτον αἷμα θεοῖο,
Ἰχώρ, οἷος πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν.

"A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed."—*Milton.*

In office here fair Cloacina[18] stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd by magic juices for the course,[19]
Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.[20]
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,[21]
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;[22]
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.[23]
The embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.

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[18] The Roman goddess of the common sewers.

[19] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches, to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

[20] "faciem ostentabat, et udo
Turpia membra fimo."—*Virg. Æneid.* v.

[21] "Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."—*Virg. Æneid.* vi.

[22] "Carmina—
turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."—
Virg. Æneid. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves.

[23] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned.
[Dr. Evans was of St. John's College, Oxford, author of the Apparition, and of an Epistle to Bobart the botanist, entitled Vertumnus. He was a man of remarkable wit and vivacity, and many of his repartees were long remembered and repeated at Oxford. The Apparition was a satire on Tindal. —*Warton.*]

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE BOOKSELLERS.

Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps,[24] of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:

[24] [For further notice of these Grub-street "imps," see Notes.]

As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from duchesses and Lady Maries;)[25]
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cooke shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)[26]
A shaggy tapestry,[27] worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture[28]
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

[25] [An allusion to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had some questionable money transactions with M. Ruremonde, a Frenchman, at the time of the South Sea affair, in 1720–21. In the edition of the Dunciad, in Poetical Works, 1735, Pope had the following note on the above couplet. "This passage was thought to allude to a famous lady, who cheated a French wit of £5000 in the South Sea year. But the author meant it in general of all bragging travellers, and of all whores and cheats under the name of ladies." This note was suppressed in the small edition of 1736, and was never again restored by Pope.]

[26] "Risit pater optimus illi—
Me liceat casum miserari insontis amici—
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immanæ leonis." &c.—*Virg. Æneid.* v.

[27] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff, like that which is spoken of by Donne, Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings. The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æneid v.

[28] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.

"Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers graced,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard placed;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd.
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost."—*Dryden.*

CURLL TOSSED IN A BLANKET BY THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.[29]

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c., to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirised the poverty of Codrus." John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he wrote Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some minister of state, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

[29] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called The Observator: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

[The sentence against Tutchin—passed by the infamous Jeffreys—was imprisonment for seven years, and that he should be flogged through every market town in Dorsetshire, *every year*. The sentence, as the Clerk of the Arraigns stated in Court, amounted to a whipping once a fortnight for seven years. Tutchin was shortly afterwards seized with the small-pox, and

There Ridpath, Roper,[30] cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,[31]
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cried) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green![32]
See in the circle next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;[33]
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;

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obtained his liberty by bribing the Chief Justice. His offence was uttering seditious words. The trial took place in 1685; Tutchin was then very young, but he lived, as Mr. Macaulay observes, "to be known as one of the most acrimonious and pertinacious enemies of the House of Stuart, and of the Tory party." Daniel de Foe was sentenced to the pillory in 1702, for his ironical treatise, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." He was also fined and imprisoned for two years. Pope, by the epithet "earless," gives an unfounded aggravation to the punishment.]

[30] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

[31] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A Full and True Account of a Horrid Revenge on the Body of Edm. Curll, &c., in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

"Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"—*Virg. Æn.* i.

[32] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:—

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms."

[Curll makes a pithy comment on this note:—"Dryden was well drubbed in the Mall for his Hind and Panther; and Pope's drubbing for his Dunciad and other libels, is to come." Dryden was indeed waylaid and severely beaten, at the instigation of the profligate Rochester; but this was in 1679, ten years before the publication of the Hind and Panther. Swift calls Ridpath, mentioned above, a *Scotch rogue.*]

[33] "Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati."—*Virg. Æneid.* v.
[The allusion in the text is to Eliza Haywood. See Notes.]

His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.[34]
This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne[35] and Curll accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife;)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.[36]
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round[37]
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd),
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild Meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;[38]

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[34] In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

[35] [Thomas Osborne, a bookseller, of whom Dr. Johnson said he had no sense of shame, but that of being poor. See Notes. Chapman, a bookseller, in the edition of 1728, occupies the place of Osborne in this disgusting competition.]

[36] "Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa;
Hic membris et mole valens."—*Virg. Æneid.* v.

[37] The words of Homer, of the Rainbow, in Iliad xi.—

ὃν τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νεφέϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπεσσ' ἀνθρώποισιν.

"Que le fils de Saturne a fondé dans les nues, pour être dans tous les âges un signe à tous les mortels."—*Dacier.*

[38] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

"Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia cuita
In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis."

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:—

"Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame 's in thine, like lesser currents lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods."

Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleased dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus express'd,
"He wins this patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;[39]
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm[40]
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou tickl'st, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her votaress, from above.

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[39] Paulo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas. [Warton states, that Rolli translated Paradise Lost with spirit and elegance, and published Marchetti's fine translation of Lucretius.]

[40] In the first edition,

"But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm," &c.

[In the preceding couplet, Welsted occupied the place of Bentley.]

As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part:
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
"Now turn to different sports (the goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,[41]
With Shakespear's nature, or with Jonson's art
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell;
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,[42]
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
"Hold (cried the queen) a cat-call each shall win;[43]
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,

---

[41] "Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes."

[42] J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some poems.

[43] "Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites;
Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic."—*Virgil, Ecl.* iii.

For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs sir Gilbert,[44] starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs the enthusiast blows,
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield! thine.

REV. GEORGE WHITFIELD.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.[45]

[44] [Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the Aldermen of London, who is again alluded to by Pope in his Moral Essays and Satires.]

[45] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:—

In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;[46]
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning prayer, and flagellation end)[47]
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud[48]
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,

"Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit."—*Georg.* iii.

"He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighbouring hills low back to them again."—*Cowley.*

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B., delighted much in the word bray, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of armour, war, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

[46] "Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca."—*Virgil, Ecl.* viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æneid vii., on the sounding the horn of Alecto:—

"Audiit et Trivie longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphureâ Nar albus aquâ, fortesque Velini."

[47] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell. This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers' dinner; our author, by one very proper, both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the lord mayor's day: the first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the City, and the temple of the goddess.

[48] "Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
——quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis."—*Virgil.*

And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.[49]
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals bound;[50] 280

FLEET DITCH.

[49] The three chief qualifications of party writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark, by guess.

[50] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c., the concealed writers of which, for some time, were Oldmixon, Boome, Arnall, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author.

A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."[51]
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,[52]
And, Milo like, surveys his arms and hands;
Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore?[53]
Ah why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright,
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley dived; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more.
All look; all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;[54]
Smedley, in vain, resounds through all the coast.
Then* essay'd;[55] scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the sable streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.[56]

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[51] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pickpocket, a highwayman, or a knight of the post, are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* thief, a *poor* pickpocket, a *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.

[52] In the first edition,—

"In naked majesty great Dennis stands."

[53] "Pletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos."—*Ovid.*

[54] "Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast."
Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's vi. *Ecl.*

[55] [Aaron Hill. See Life of Pope in this edition, and Notes to the Dunciad.]

[56] In the first edition followed these:—

"Far worse unhappy D———r succeeds:
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds."

["D———r" was Diaper, whom Curll calls "a very modest and ingenious clergyman: he wrote, among other poetical pieces, 'Nereides, or Sea Eclogues,' inscribed to Mr. Congreve, 1712." Instead of Concanen, Young and Newcome were introduced into the early editions,—alluding, as Curll says, to Dr. Young's Seven Satires on the Universal Passion, *still left unfinished* (whence, probably, the phrase "long-winded"), and to the Rev. T. Newcome, of Sussex, who wrote a large folio volume in twelve books, on the

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:[57]
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
The unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,[58]
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)[59]
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were the gazetteers!"
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.[60]
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

Last Judgment. It may be doubted, whether Pope could have aimed his satire at the author of the Night Thoughts; but this constant shifting of characters in the Dunciad certainly weakened the force of his ridicule, and gave some truth to Curll's remark, that the Dunciad seemed to "mimic a weather-glass, and vary every impression, as the author's malice increased to one or abated to another." Johnson makes a somewhat similar observation.]

[57] "Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori," &c.—*Virg. Æneid.*

[58] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.

[59] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii., where the miserable petrifaction of this old lady is pathetically described. Osborne was a name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

[60] [In the edition of 1729, the unlucky Welsted is the diver. The line stands,—

"Not Welsted so, drawn endlong by his skull."]

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:[61]
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.[62]
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,[63]
That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:

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[61] Virgil, Æneid vi. of the Sibyl:—

"Majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans."

[62] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

[63] "Οἱ γ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλιρρόον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἐΐσ' ἔλαιον,
Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ."—*Hom. Il.* ii. Catal.

Of the Land of Dreams, in the same region, he makes mention Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's True History. Lethe and the Land of Dreams allegorically represent the stupefaction and visionary madness of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's water gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of the Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus Idyll. viii., Virgil, Ecl. x.

"Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam."

And again, Æneid iii.—

"Alpheum sema est huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."

Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,[64]
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceased, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.
Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet[65]
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopp'd the goddess, and in pomp proclaims,
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley's[66] periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;

[64] "Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit: Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni," &c.—*Virg. Ecl.* vi.

[65] "King Lud repairing the City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the West part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images, in the reign of Edward VI., had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore."—*Stowe's Survey of London.*

[66] [Bishop Hoadley. See Notes.]

Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;[67]
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college Sophs,[68] and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,[69]
And smit with love of poesy and prate.[70]
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring:
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;[71]
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgell[72] aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur,[72] knock'd his chin and breast.

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[67] See Hom. Odyss. xii.; Ovid. Met. i.

[68] [In the early editions, "Three *Cambridge Sophs*." After Oxford had refused the degree of D.D. to his friend Warburton, Pope was by no means disposed to claim any special favour or honour for that University. In the Fourth Book he satirises it under the designation of "Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen."]

[69] "Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, et respondere parati."—*Virg. Ecl.* vii.

[70] "Smit with the love of sacred song."—*Milton.*

[71] "Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona."—*Ovid. Met.* xiii.

[72] [Eustace Budgell.—See Notes. "Potent Arthur" was Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons.]

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,[73]
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's no kingdom here.
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.

THE CLERKS READING THE WORKS OF THE TWO VOLUMINOUS WRITERS.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropp'd among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.[74]

[73] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who wrote against the religion of their country. In the first edition it was:—

"Collins and Tidal, prompt at priests to jeer."

[74] "A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."—*Blackm. Job.*

At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,

MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostroea sprung,[75]
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.[76]
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some famed round-house, ever open gate!
Now Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:[77]

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[75] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

[76] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:—

"All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead."

[77] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by appearances; a lesson to all men who may happen to

While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet[78]
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

---

see a reverend person in the same situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,—

("On Cam's fair bank where Chaucer lay inspired,"

and the like) but an eminent casuist tells us, that "if a priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal."—*Scribl.*

[Instead of *Henley*, "Laurus" was the name originally given, and there was a note pointing out that Eusden was the party intended.]

[78] A prison for insolvent debtors, on the bank of the ditch. [In which Wycherley lay seven years!]

DANIEL DEFOE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led, by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade, where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world: there he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion: then, distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire: some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden, the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at Court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.

Then ruptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know.[1]
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:[2]

OLD BEDLAM.

Hence the fool's Paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

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[1] Hereby is intimated, that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses, in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the ivory gate, which (according to the ancients) denoteth falsity.—*Scriblerus.*

[2] "Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio."—*Virg. Æneid*, viii.
["When wondrous shapes of fleeting forms appear,
He talks with gods, and doth strange language hear."—*Ogilby.*]

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,[3]
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more)
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;[4]
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.[5]
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,[6]
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,[7]
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:

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[3] "Conclamat Vates———
——furens antro se immisit aperto."—*Virgil.*

[4] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronising bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles, and others, to him. Some of these anagramed his name, Benlowes, into Benevolus; to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

[5] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

[6] "Videt Æneas in valle reducta
Secluſum nemus———
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes," &c.—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

[7] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles, to render him impenetrable:—

"At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

"Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner; for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavium non odit*: whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness, through the whole course of this poem."—*Scriblerus.*

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit."—*Rem. on Pr. Arthur*, part ii. c. i. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears[8] unbar the gates of light,[9]
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,[10]
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

KING CIBBER MEETING SETTLE ON THE BANKS OF LETHE.

Wond'ring he gazed: when lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,[11]

[8] Booksellers, printers for anybody. The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

[9] An hemistich of Milton.

[10] "Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves," &c.—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

[11] This is a sophistical reading. I think I may venture to affirm, all the copyists are mistaken here. I believe I may say the same of the critics:

Known by his band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son.
"Oh born to see what none can see, awake!
Behold the wonders of the oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?[12]
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.[13]
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;[14]

Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before: it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also reads it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.* A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the poet; thus,—

"By his broad shoulders known, and length of years."

See how easy a change, of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the pillory. This note partly Mr. Theobald's, partly Scribl.

[12] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now, though it produced one of the greatest poets, and one of the greatest generals of Greece:—

"Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum."—*Horat.*

[13] "Sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros."—*Virg. Ecl.* viii.

[14] [This couplet formed part of Pope's boyish Epic, which he burned.]

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
From this our queen unfolds to vision true[15]
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill,[16] whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles[17] where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
Far eastward cast thine eye,[18] from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,[19]
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

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[15] This has resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi., where the angel

"To noble sights from Adam's eye removed
The film; then purged with euphrasie and rue
The visual nerve—For he had much to see."

There is a general allusion, in what follows, to that whole episode.

[16] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shown where science *never* rose; then, from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by tyranny; from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of barbarians; from ver. 96 to 106, by superstition. Then Rome, the mistress of arts, is described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the progeny of Dulness in review.

[17] Almost the whole southern and northern continent wrapt in ignorance.

[18] Our author favours the opinion that all sciences came from the eastern nations.

[19] Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

"Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.[20]
"How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,[21]
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The toil that arts and infant letters bore)[22]
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.[23]
"Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore; [24]

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[20] The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused the general to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.

[21] [Pope, it is said, declared his own ear to be more gratified with this couplet, than with any other in his works. The lines are very musical, and present an image of savage picturesque desolation. "Mæotis," and "Tanais," are also words of liquid sound; and there is often an undefinable charm in mere names. Many lines as melodious might, however, be pointed out in the poet's works. For example, the noble winter-piece (Zembla's frosts) in the 'Temple of Fame;' and some even in his early translations.]

[22] Phœnicia, Syria, &c., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

[23] [A modification of his exemplar, Dryden, Epist. xiv.

"Long time the sister-arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep."—*Wakefield.*]

[24] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time

Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tiber choked with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,[25]
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
"Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.[26]

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that he mentions one of the strongest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui mellea prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aulâ, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia studiosior." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this Pope), "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit episcopis canere quod nec laico religioso conveniat, ipso considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy: "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur." The same Pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c., than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

[25] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples by converting them into churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of the Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

[26] "Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent."—*Virg. Ecl.* vi.
Wars in England, anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

In peace, great goddess, ever be adored;
How keen the war if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
"And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.[27]
Now look through Fate![28] behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie[29]
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.
"Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,[30]
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born:
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,[31]
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.

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27 This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

28 "Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Italâ de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

29 "Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Lætæ deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

30 "Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

31 "—— si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!"—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,[32]
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
"Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.[33]
Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.[34]
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim,[35]
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:

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[32] "Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevêre lacus."—*Virg. Æneid*, viii.
Virgil again, Ecl. x.,—
"—— etiam lauri, etiam flevêre myricæ," &c.

[33] Ver. 149, in the first edit. it was,—
"Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!"—*Warburton.*

[34] "—— duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!"—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.
[In the former editions, "Haywood and Trotter," then "Haywood and Centlivre," were the parties named. Of the present occupants of the niche, Pope says—"Horneck and Roome:" these two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper, called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was the son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and wrote some of the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious innendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under the prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:—
"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks;
You wonder at it—this, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face."
Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author, in a paper called "The Prompter." [The epigram was omitted in the later editions, probably because it did not apply to Roome's *face*, though his profession of undertaker was *funereal*.]

[35] An ill-natured critic, who wrote a satire on our author, called The Mock Æsop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.
[In the edition of 1729, Pope says, that Goode's Mock Æsop or Mac-Æsop was written to be fathered by James Moore. Barnaby Goode was an inferior dramatic writer, but a man in respectable circumstances.]

Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,[36]
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the 'larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous[37]—answer him, ye owls!
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.[38]
Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.[39]
"Ah Dennis![40] Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

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[36] In the former ed.

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After ver. 159, in the first edit. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!

[37] "——Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."—*Shakspeare.*

[Ralph was a well-known political writer, patronized by Bubb Dodington, and sometime secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales. See Notes.]

[38] See Book ii. [In the first edition it was, "Durgen may be read," a poem against Pope by Ward.]

[39] Parody on Denham, "Cooper's Hill:"

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Though deep, yet clear: though gentle, yet not dull:
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!"

[In the first edit. it was "*foaming* though not full," a happier expression.]

[40] The reader who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

DENNIS.

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more![41]
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
"Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;[42]
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.[43]

Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

[41] Virg. Æneid, vi.

"—— Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!"

[42] Virg. Æneid, iv.

"Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ."

[Thomas Burnet and Colonel Ducket were the pair referred to in the text. See Notes.]

[43] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,[44]
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
"There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiast mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;[45]
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.[46]
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.[47]

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[44] Virg. Æneid, vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

"Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta," &c.

[45] [This passage was different in the early editions, and one good line was banished from the text—

"And English music with a dismal score:"]

[46] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London.

[This line underwent various transformations. In the edition of 1729, it stands

"While K——, B——, W——, preach in vain."

In 1735, it was,

"While Kennet, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain."]

[47] Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

"Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:[48]
But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate,
Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But, 'Learn, ye dunces, not to scorn your God.'"[49]
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art."
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied)[50]
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,[51]
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth:[52]
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,

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[48] [In early editions,

"A Newton's genius or a seraph's flame."]

[49] "Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."—*Virg.*

[50] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d——d. And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

[51] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

[52] [This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.—*Warburton.*

These absurdities were indeed brought on the stage by Tibbald, but not by

A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.[53]
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;[54]
And last, so give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.[55]
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power these wonders wrought? 250
Son, what thou seek'st is in thee![56] Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.[57]
Angel of Dulness! sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:[58]
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

Cibber; who again and again disclaimed and despised them, as may be seen in various passages of his Apology. It is therefore unjust to charge him with favouring and promoting such spectacles; which for a long time he resisted, and was forced, very unwillingly, to gratify by them the depraved appetite of the public: of which he much and loudly complains.—*Warton.*]

[53] "solemque suum, sua sidera nōrunt."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

[54] "Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."—*Hor.*

[55] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

[56] "Quod petis in te est
Ne te quæsiveris extra."—*Pers.*

[57] Like Salmoneus in Æneid, vi.
"Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
—— nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
Aere et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum."

[58] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:
"Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground."
As ver. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in The Campaign; and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Young.

Immortal Rich![59] how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of peace;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there![60]
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.[61]

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[59] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

[60] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words. (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expense." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me.—But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer, only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of truth and sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

[Booth and Cibber were joint managers of Drury Lane, but they yielded to the vulgar taste with great reluctance, and never appeared personally in the pantomimes. Cibber says, they used them only as crutches for their weakest plays.]

[61] In the former edit. followed,

"For works like these let deathless journals tell
None but thyself can be thy parellel."

[The latter of these lines Pope, in a note afterwards suppressed, terms "a marvellous line of Theobald's, unless the play called the Double Falsehood be (as he would have it believed) Shakspeare's." This heresy, never general, has long been exploded.]

These Fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars: [62]
Though long my party built on me their hopes,[63]
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes; [64]
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair:
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,[65]
But lick up every blockhead in the way.

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[62] On the Lord-mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery-ground.

[63] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hownslow-heath. After the revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

[He was much older. Settle was born at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, in 1648: in 1666 he was entered as a commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge; and he died in the Charter-house in 1724. He was seventy-six at the time of his death.]

[64] In the former edit. followed,

"Different our parties, but with equal grace
The goddess smiles on whig and tory race."

[65] In the former edition,

"Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
And lick up every blockhead in the way. [Thy

Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,[66]
And every year be duller than the last.
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway;

SETTLE SHOWING CIBBER THE GLORIES OF HIS REIGN.

Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.

Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
And from each shrew rise duller than the last.
Till raised from booths," &c.

[66] It stood in the first edition with blanks, ** and **. Concanen was sure, "they must needs mean nobody but King George and Queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance." Pref. to a collection of verses, essays, letters, &c., against Mr. P. printed for A. Moore, p. 6.

Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,[67]
And scream thyself, as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if Heaven thou can'st not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shall join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.[68]
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.[69]
Another Eschylus appears! prepare[70]
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's be brought to bed,[71]
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.[72]
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.

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[67] He translated the Italian Opera of Polisemo; but unfortunately lost the whole gist of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid. They inquire, who has hurt him? he answers, Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek Pun-ology.

[68] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

[69] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in shewing the burning of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

[70] It is reported of Eschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

[71] See Ovid. Met. iii.

[72] "Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned book i. ver. 26.

See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays![73]
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
On poet's tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
See under Ripley[74] rise a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:[75]
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,[76]
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.[77]

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[73] [In the edit. of 1729, the passage following this verse stands as follows:—

"Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
B * * sole judge of architecture sit
And namby-pamby be preferr'd for wit!
While naked mourns the dormitory wall,
And Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;
While Wren with sorrow," &c.]

[74] [Ripley the architect. See allusions to him in Moral Essays, iv. 18; and Imitations, Epist. ii. 1, 186.]

[75] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house at White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the Earl of Burlington; who at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

[76] [Sir Christopher Wren, in 1718, when he was in his eighty-fifth year, was shamefully deprived of his office of Surveyor of the Royal Works, and otherwise thwarted and annoyed by the administration of the day. He died in 1723, and, as is well known, was buried under the dome of his own magnificent fabric of St. Paul's.]

[77] "In the former editions thus:

"O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome."

On which was the following Note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey; in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his

Proceed, great days![78] till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

---

own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in translation at all."

[Broome and Pope quarrelled, and had an angry correspondence on the subject of the translation. In the edition of 1743, the Note is as follows:—

"The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakspeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c., and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725."]

[78] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been described in our poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat. However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments

Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port!
Enough! enough! the raptured monarch cries;
And through the Ivory Gate the vision flies.[79] 340

of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.—*Scriblerus.*

Another great prophet of dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. "The devil (saith he), licensed bishop, to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics, and such trumpery."—*Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered.*

[79] "Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes."
Virg. Æneid, vi.

"AND THROUGH THE IVORY GATE THE VISION FLIES."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this Book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation, as the greater poets are wont when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth; how she leads captive the sciences, and silenceth the Muses, and what they be who succeed in their stead; all her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts, such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them; all these crowd around her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer, with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors: one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruit of their travels, presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons, abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him. But Mummius another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds' nests, moss, &c., but with

particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus, and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high-priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then, dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue, the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,[1]
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,[2]
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

---

[1] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: Light, as intellectual only; Wit, science, arts.

[2] The Allegory continued; dull, referring to the extinction of light or science; venal, to the destruction of order, or the truth of things.

Ibid. [*a new world*]. In reference to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise: this the poet alluding to, in the production of a moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

"She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd."

THE DUNCIAD, *book* iv. *lines* 17, 18.

[*Page* 121.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,[3]
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.[4]
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
There, stripp'd, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straighten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her page the word.
Mad Mâthesis alone was unconfined,[5]
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds its square.
But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye:[6]

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[3] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the divinities manifested themselves to men by their back-parts. Virg. Æneid, i. *et aversæ, roseâ cervice refulsit.* But this passage may admit of another exposition.—*Vet. Adag.* The higher you climb, the more you show your a——. Verified in no instance more than in dulness aspiring. Emblematized also by an ape climbing and exposing his posteriors.—*Scriblerus.*

[4] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c., but nothing like Wit, Opera alone supplying its place.

[5] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.

[6] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the Act for subjecting plays to the power of a licencer, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons.

[The refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license Gay's "Polly,"—a continuation of the Beggars' Opera—no doubt prompted this note.]

There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barbarous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.
When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside:
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos![7] let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, Encore!
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant HANDEL stands,[8]
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;

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[7] *Joy to great Cæsar*—The beginning of a famous old song.

[8] [Dr. Burney relates, that "when Pope found that his friends, Lord Burlington and Dr. Arbuthnot, thought so highly of Handel, he not only lashed his enemies in the Dunciad, but wished to have his Eurydice set to music by him. Mr. Belchier, a common friend, undertook to negotiate the business; but Handel, having heard that Pope had made his ode more lyrical, that is, fitter for music, by dividing it into airs and recitatives, for Dr. Green, who had already set it, and whom, as a partisan for Bononcini, and confederate with his enemies, he had long disliked, said, "It is de very ding vat my pellows-plower has set already for ein tocktor's tecree at Cambridge." Handel got unpopular, for a season, in consequence partly of his own irritable temper and the disputes with the Italian singers; so that his great oratorio of the

To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress; or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,[9]
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide,[10] by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupée or gown;

Messiah was but coldly received, and he went to Ireland, as alluded to by the poet in the next couplet. He afterwards regained the public favour, and had certainly no cause to complain of the patronage he received in this country.]

[9] Posterior, viz. her second or more certain report: unless we imagine this word posterior to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to Hudibras:

"She blows not both with the same wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern authors name
One good, and t'other evil fame."

[10] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life. They are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are represented in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not: from ver. 91 to 101.

Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head!
Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronized for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,[11]
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There moved Montalto with superior air;[12]
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page.
"But (happy for him as the times went then)[13]
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capped youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state."

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[11] [Lord Hervey, praised by Dr. Conyers Middleton, in his dedication of the Life of Cicero.]

[12] [Montalto, Sir Thomas Hanmer, the "Oxford editor," as Warburton calls him. Sir Thomas published a magnificent quarto edition of Shakspeare, printed at Oxford, and embellished with engravings.]

[13] [The four lines which we have marked with inverted commas, do not appear in the edition of 1743. They were first published by Warburton, who had a quarrel with Sir Thomas Hanmer, the "decent knight," relative to Sir Thomas's edition of Shakspeare. Warburton charged the knight with making an unauthorized use of his emendations on the text of Shakspeare, while the knight, on the other hand, charged Warburton with a desire to produce a "paltry edition," with the view of getting "a greater sum of money by it."

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the Wits![14]
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;[15]
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,[16]
Admire new light through holes yourself have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave,[17] that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,[18]
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.

The result, said Warburton, was that Sir Thomas "applied to the University of Oxford, and was at the expense of his purse in procuring cuts for this edition, and at the expense of his reputation in employing a number of my emendations on the text, without my knowledge or consent; and his behaviour was what occasioned Mr. Pope's perpetuating the memory of the Oxford edition of Shakspeare in the Dunciad."]

[14] The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

[15] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors),

"Æson miratur,
Dissimilemque animum subiit."

[16] "Dancing in the chequer'd shade."—*Milton's Allegro.*

[17] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be afforded a living one? Pagina, not Pedissequus. A page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.—*Scriblerus.*

[D'Urfey's plays and "Pills to Purge Melancholy," were popular during his lifetime, but have sunk into deserved oblivion. He died in 1723.]

[18] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Westmonasteriensis. [Alluding to the monument erected for Butler, the author of Hudibras, by Alderman Barber.—*Warburton.*]

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;

GENIUSES OF THE SCHOOLS.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood, and mothers' tears.[19]
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.[20]

[19] "First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears."—*Milton.*

[20] "An effect of fear, somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid,
"Contremuit nemus——
Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos;
nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any master.—*Scriblerus.*

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,[21]
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of Learning, youth to guide,[22]
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Blind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;[23]
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

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[21] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos."—*Pers.*

[22] This circumstance of the *genius loci* (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the Table of Cebes, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those just entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς, ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων, τί, φησὶν, Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

[23] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives.

[And, it may be added, with many pleasing and ennobling thoughts, the fruit of immortal genius. Mr. Hallam, in his History of Literature, has a fine passage on this subject, in reference to Milton's blindness:—

"Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not indeed whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument in its favour, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life."]

A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.[24]
There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost![25]
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.[26]
Oh (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
(Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.)[27]

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[24] Westminster Hall and the House of Commons.

[25] [Sir William Wyndham: Charles Talbot, who entered the House of Commons in 1719, and rose to be Lord Chancellor in 1733; Murray, Lord Mansfield; and Pulteney, Earl of Bath. See Epilogue to the Satires.]

[26] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

[27] This line is doubtless spurious and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.—*Bentley.*

Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,[28]
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.[29]
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall[30]
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.[31]

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[28] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the last edition of his works.

["Such" says Warburton, "was the fate of this new philosophy at Oxford. The new theology of Erasmus met with pretty much the same treatment, a century or two before, in the University of Cambridge. See Dr. Knight's Life of Erasmus, p. 137.—But our obnoxious Essayist had given scandal to the scholastic spirit of Anthony Wood, the famed Oxford historian, long before: who, in the journal of his own life, has furnished us with this curious anecdote. 'April 23, 1663, I began a course of chemistry, [in Oxford,] under the noted chemist and Rosicrusian, Peter Sthael of Strasburg in Royal Prussia. The club consisted of ten at least, whereof was John Lock, of Christ Church, afterwards a noted writer. This John Lock was a man of turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The club wrote, and took notes from the mouth of their master: but the said John Lock scorned to do it: so that while every man besides were writing, he would be prating and troublesome."]

[29] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who, of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.—*Scriblerus.*

[30] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

[31] "Now retired into harbour after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly.

Scip. Maff. De Compotationibus Academicis.

[These lines contain an admirable portrait of the great Richard Bentley, an "excellent painting and highly finished," as Mr. Bowles remarks. Walker, mentioned in the 200th line, was John Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, while Bentley was master. He was the associate and friend of the "awful Aristarch" in all his contests classical and personal. Bentley died July 14, 1742, in his eightieth year.]

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,[33]
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;[34]
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt! is Aristarchus yet unknown?[35]
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains?
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:[36]
Author of something yet more great than letter:
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma,[37] and o'ertops them all.
"'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*:
To sound or sink, in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.[38]

[33] The hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the courts of justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.

[34] "He, kingly, from his state
"Declined not."—*Milton.*

[35] A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whose name hath been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part, which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.—*Scriblerus.*

"Sic notus Ulysses!"—*Virg.*
"Dost thou not feel me, Rome?"—*Ben Jonson.*

[36] Imitated from Propertius, speaking of the Æneid:—
"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

[37] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

[38] [Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which

Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke;[39]
From me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:[40]
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.[41]
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.[42]
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
"Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise;[43]

Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken; Cicero could not write it so; and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: "Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim."—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.—*Warburton.* [Warburton told Spence that Lord Granville had long wanted to pass an evening with Pope; that he at last did so. Mr. P. said that the two hours were wholly taken up by his lordship in debating and settling how the first verse in the Æneid was to be pronounced, and whether we should say Cicero or Kikero.]

[39] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster School, and canon of Christ Church. Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

[40] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical talents.

[41] The first, a dictionary writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second, a minute critic; the third, a collector, who gave his commonplace book to the public, where we happen to find much mincemeat of good old authors.

[42] These men taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

[43] By this it appears, that the dunces and fops, mentioned ver. 130, 140, had a contention for the goddess's favour on this great day. *These* got the start; but *these* make it up by their spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair pupil.

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Νοῦς.[44]
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.[45]
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
"What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.[46]
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme:
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:[47]

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[44] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify genius, or natural acumen. But this passage has a farther view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for mind, or the first cause; and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature, without a Νοῦς: such as the poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dream of one of these later Platonists),

Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
That nature, &c.

[45] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christchurch: both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

[46] [These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford; given to my father twenty years before the Dunciad was written.—*Warton.*]

[47] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.

Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.[48]
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.[49]
Walker! our hat:"—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.[50]
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:[51]
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.[52]
When thus the attendant orator begun:[53]
"Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scared with God.[54]

[48] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.

[49] Why laced? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank; and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by his laced coat.—*Scriblerus.*

[Supposed to allude to the Duke of Kingston and his mistress, Mad. de Latouche.]

[50] See Homer Odyss. xi. where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the travelling and the university tutor for the spoils of our young heroes; and fashion adjudged it to the former: so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired.—*Scriblerus.*

[51] "Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas."—*Hor.*

[52] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

[53] The governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.—*Scriblerus.*

[54] "Sine Dis animosus infans."—*Hor.*

YOUNG GENTLEMEN RETURNED FROM TRAVEL.

The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man;
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass'd:[55]
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy 'larum half the town.

[55] See Virg. Æneid, i.—

"At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amicto,
Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit:
2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas."

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him; to wit, 1. that nobody might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way,
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,[56]
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.[57]
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;[58]

[56] Lily-silvered—Tube-roses.

[57] [On this exquisite passage, so musical and so picturesque, Warton has a fine note:—"I cannot forbear saying, though indeed every reader of taste will perceive the thing, that Pope has never written, nor indeed does our language afford, six more delicious lines. The three compound epithets, which are more in number than he ever has used so near each other, have a fine effect, and are most happily constructed. So also is 'greatly-daring,' in line 318. Ver. 302, 'Abbots, purple as their wines,' is from Rousseau the Poet."]

[58] The winged lion—the arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce, now illustrious for her carnivals.

[Let us append Wordsworth's glorious sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian Republic:—

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate:
And when she took unto herself a mate
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid,
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away."]

Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain,
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored;
Tried all hors-d'œuvres, all liqueurs defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined;[59]
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,[60]
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;[61]
Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons[62] of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own."
Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

[59] It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

[60] With nothing but a solo? Why, if it be a solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.—*Bentley.*

[61] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

[62] "Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis."—*Virg. Æneid*, iii.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,[63]
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,[64]
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius,[65] crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,

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[63] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.

[64] "Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
Admonet."—*Virg. Æneid*, vi.

[65] The name taken from Annius, the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

[The sudden appearance of this character, whom we never heard of before, makes this passage very obscure. By Annius, was meant Sir Andrew Fountaine.—*Warton.* Sir Andrew Fountaine was learned in coins, medals, and antiquities, and had made considerable collections during his early travels abroad. He was knighted by William III., and afterwards, in 1727, succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Warden of the Mint. He died in 1753. Sir Andrew was very intimate with Swift during the Dean's residence in England from 1710 to 1713, and he assisted in some designs for illustrating the Tale of a Tub. Whether he was, like Annius, false and crafty, we cannot ascertain. Annius is represented as a subordinate agent—a sort of Hopkins or Peter Walter—who imposed on noble collectors, such as the old Earl of Pembroke, Harley, Earl of Oxford, and his son the second earl, &c. Warton further states, that Mummius (verse 371) was said to mean Dr. Mead: if so Annius may stand for his rival physician and rival virtuoso, Dr. Woodward. These jealous competitors, though both able and good men, had in 1719 an encounter more perilous than the contest between Annius and Mummius. They met near Gresham College gate, and Mead saying that Woodward had abused him, struck him on the side of the head. Swords were drawn, but Woodward slipt and fell, and his antagonist disarmed him, at the same time requesting him to ask his life! This, Woodward says, he refused to do, adding "that had he been to have given me any of his physic, I would, rather than take it, have asked my life;

False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer:
"Grant, gracious goddess, grant me still to cheat![66]
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers, rise;
Through twilight ages hunt the Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, gods, and mortals call, an owl;[67]
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,[68]
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two."

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but, for his sword, it was very harmless, and I was ever far from being in the least apprehensive of it." We may mention, that in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, is a story of Sir Andrew Fountaine joining with Ficaroni, the Pope's antiquary, in cheating an abbot of some valuable medals. Sir Andrew is characterised as one of the keenest virtuosi in Europe, and out-Italianizing the Italians themselves.]

[66] Some read skill, but this is frivolous; for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, skill were not wanting to cheat such persons.—*Bentley.*

"Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem."—*Hor.*

[67] The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

"Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,"

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοί, ἀνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

[68] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless, one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the possession of a learned nobleman.

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,[69]
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
"Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then, taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Received each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."
"Witness great Ammon[70] by whose horns I swore,
(Replied soft Annius,) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand."[71]
The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

[69] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it would seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso. *Fool-renown'd*, a compound epithet in the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renown'd for making fools.

[70] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

[71] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

[Dr. James Douglas lectured on anatomy in London, and wrote notices of anatomical writers from Hippocrates to Harvey. He was also author of "Myographiæ Comparata Specimen," and other professional treatises. He died the same year this fourth book of the Dunciad appeared, 1742.]

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.

THE BUTTERFLY-HUNTER AND FLOWER-FANCIER LAYING THEIR CASE BEFORE THE QUEEN.

The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliants call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower;
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head;

Then, throned in glass, and named it Caroline:[73]
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine![73]
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades."
He ceased and wept. With innocence of mien,
The accused stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:
"Of all the enamell'd race, whose silvery wing[74]
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started, from its vernal bower,
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it moved, I moved again.[75]
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;

[73] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great personages, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising. Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, "This is My Queen Caroline."

[73] These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ," &c.

[74] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muiopotmos.

"Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air."

[75] "I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon."—*Milton.*

Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ever in death! this peerless butterfly."
"My sons (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what 's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd:
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find,
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head, that turns at superlunar things,
Poised with a tail may steer on Wilkins' wings.[76]
"O! would the sons of men once think their eyes[77]
And reason given them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve."
"Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,[78]
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;

[76] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

[77] This is the third speech of the goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning learning, civil society, and religion. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, she directs how to deprave wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, she shows them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of Divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true wit, that she neither says too little, nor too much.

[78] The epithet gloomy in this line may seem the same with that of dark in the next. But gloomy relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,[79]
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's cause through Nature led:
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high priori road,[80]
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;[81]
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:

---

of an irreligious sceptic; whereas dark alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled systems.

[79] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-House. See Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica.—But as it seems evident that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago, it is plain that in fifty more they quite disappear; it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help therefore they are bound to pray.

[80] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the eternal power and Godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high priori road, (such as Hobbes, Spinosa, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners,) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of the means. [Wakefield characterizes this as "An oblique censure of Dr. S. Clarke's celebrated Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God *à priori*; after the example of his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' who is perpetually attacking Clarke in his fragments of Essays, and thus expresses himself in his letters to our poet: 'Rather than creep up slowly, *à posteriori*, to a little general knowledge, they soar at once as far and as high as imagination can carry them. From thence they descend again, armed with systems and arguments, *à priori*; and, regardless how these agree, or class with the phenomena of nature, they impose them on mankind.'"]

[81] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtile matter, &c.

Thrust some mechanic cause into his place;[82]
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see,
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:[83]
Wrapt up in self, a God without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores."[84]
Roused at his name, up rose the bowsy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;[85]
Then snapt his box, and stroked his belly down:
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
Then thus: "From priest-craft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:

[82] The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding philosophers.

[83] Lib. i. ver. 57:—

"Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—
Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira;"

from whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our goddess.—*Scriblerus.*

[84] Mr. Thomas Gordon.—Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi., where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

[Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, and publisher of the Independent Whig.]

[85] The Epicurean language: *Semina rerum*, or atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi.: *Semina ignis—semina flammæ.*

First slave to words, then vassal to a name,[86]
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart:
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in pension, or in punk!
So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave,[87]
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,[88]
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.

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[86] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities; and deludes them with the names of party-distinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.

[87] "It is vain to inquire the names that belong to these initial letters. Some of the finest passages in Absalom and Achitophel, one of Dryden's capital poems, though concerning persons of far more consequence and importance, are now already unknown; and the satire has lost all its force and poignancy."—*Warton.*

[The difficulty is greatly enhanced by the uncertainty as to the time in which the parties lived. The Queen in the above passage is, of course, Queen Caroline, whom Pope and Swift were so fond of "girding at;" and "K*" may be the Duke of Kent, who died in 1740, and who was a persevering courtier. Chesterfield, in one of his letters, says of this duke, that he hopes the continuation of his family will not be at the same time the continuation of his species. Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, a privy councillor, died in March, 1741, about a twelvemonth before the date of this fourth book of the Dunciad; but there were within the first forty years of the last century so many English noblemen to whom the initial letter "B**" would apply—as Berkeley, Bolton, Beaufort, Beauclerk, Bingley, Blandford, &c.—that it would be idle to hazard conjectures as to the person satirized by Pope. The female appellation in the next line was unfortunately quite as general at the court.]

[88] [Philip Duke of Wharton. See Moral Essays, Ep. i.]

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast;
Thy magus, goddess! shall perform the rest."
With that a wizard old his cup extends;[89]
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,[90]
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and, like Endymion, dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled:
Lost is his God, his country, everything;
And nothing left, but homage to a king![91]
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child[92]
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But, as the flatterer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others Interest her gay livery flings,
Interest that waves on party-colour'd wings:

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[89] The cup of self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship, or honour, and of the service of God or our country: all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

[90] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.:—

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' ἐς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ὄφρα μιν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

[91] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyère declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where," says he, "there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and the service of the prince, supply its place."—*De la Republique*, chap. x.

[92] The only comfort such people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes one sort stupid, another impudent; gives self-conceit to some, arising from the flatteries of their dependents; presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensualities, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,[93]
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest, succinct in amice white,
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,[94]
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the vine.[95]
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.[96]

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[93] [We have no clue to guide us here. The rage for music and the opera in England seems to have begun with Nicolini and Handel about 1710, and continued for about twenty years. Lady Mary W. Montague mentions, that in 1721 the young Duchess of Marlborough entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition; and two years afterwards she writes, "Operas flourish more than ever." The epithet "great" prefixed to the first of these names would seem to indicate Clarendon, and in the last-mentioned the rhyme directs us to "King"—perhaps Lord Chancellor King.]

[94] "Species miraculi."—*Hor.*

[95] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

"Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
Villandri priseroit sa sève et sa verdeur."—*Depreaux.*

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table; and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champagne.

[96] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and

Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race,[97]
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.[98]
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
Then, blessing all: "Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.[99]

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kept open tables, frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

The former note of "Bladen is a black man," is very absurd. The manuscript text is here partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, "Wash blackmoors white," alluding to a known proverb.—*Scriblerus.*

[Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries. I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to my dear and lamented friend Mr. William Collins, the poet, to whom he left an estate, which he did not get possession of till his faculties were deranged and he could not enjoy it.—*Warton.*]

[97] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race: he has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a humming-bird, or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made Freemasons; where taciturnity is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

[98] A sort of lay-brothers, two of the innumerable slips from the root of the Freemasons.

[99] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the goddess might give them

The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun;
The learned Baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;[100]
The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;[101]
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle,[102] and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!"
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—all Nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?[103]

a charge of more consequence; and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running-footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c. But if it be well considered, that, whatever inclination her sons might have to do mischief, they are generally rendered harmless by their inability, and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design,—the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed, that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be well expected from them.

[100] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned,—and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving gray-silk stockings of the webs of spiders, see the Philosoph. Transact.

[101] Alluding, perhaps, to that ancient and solemn dance entitled, A Call of Serjeants.

[102] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, viz.: Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican.—Make senates dance, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

[103] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.——It may indeed seem a very singular epitasis of a poem to end as this does, with a great yawn; but we must consider it as the yawn of

Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd);[104]
Then catch'd the schools; the Hall scarce kept awake:
The Convocation gaped, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Even Palinurus nodded at the helm:
"The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main."[105]
O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none,)[106]

---

a god, and of powerful effects. Nor is it out of nature; most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor yet without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar; but then it is the roar of a lion, the effects whereof (as here of the yawn) are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

[104] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not. Next Westminster Hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess. Then the Convocation, which, though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot. Even the House of Commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the yawn, (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter himself) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.—*Scriblerus.*

[Dr. Gilbert, Archbishop of York, who had given Pope no offence, so far as is known, but who had attacked the Jacobite Dr. King, of Oxford, and was a favourite at court.]

[105] These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

[Wakefield says these four verses partly existed in the poem of Halifax on Orpheus and Signora Margarita:

"And, when the tawny Tuscan raised her strain,
Rook furls his sails, and dozes on the main:
Treaties unfinished in the office sleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep."]

[106] This seemeth to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a

Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;[107]
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition, lull
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense and shame, and right and wrong:
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,[108]
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus, at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!

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catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget anything. So Homer, Iliad. ii.

"Πληθύν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ 'Ολυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνήσαισθ'——"

And Virg. Æneid, vii.

"Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she could only relate what passed.

107 "Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo
Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?"—*Virg.*

108 "Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat——
Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculus," &c.—*Ovid.* Met. ii.

See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

THE YAWN OF DULNESS AND ITS EFFECTS.

BY THE AUTHOR,

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, being instigated by the spirit of pride, and assuming to themselves the name of critics and restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them: Now we, having carefully revised this our Dunciad,[1] beginning with the words, "The mighty mother," and ending with the words, "buries all," containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily with our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand, at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, *Mayor.*

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[1] Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it stood. Read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem. Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living and not blind). The editor himself confessed as much in his Preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editors twelve; this author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live in this, our last labour, as long as in any of our others.—*Bentley.*

APPENDIX.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

IN WHICH OUR AUTHOR WAS ABUSED, BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF THE

DUNCIAD;

WITH THE TRUE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

Reflections Critical and Satirical, on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6*d*.

A New Rehearsal, or Bayes the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1*s*.

Homerides; or, a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, esquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d*.

Æsop at the Bear Garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1*d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-Show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player; supervised by Mr. Th——.] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A True Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3*d*.

The Confederates; a Farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval.] Printed for B. Burleigh, 1717, price 1*s*.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris.] 1717, price 6*d*.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted.] 1711, folio, price 1*s*.

The Battle of Poets; an Heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.[1]

[1 Here properly the list should have ended, for the publications afterwards named were *subsequent* to the Dunciad, and consequently were not unprovoked attacks.]

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood.] Octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon.] Octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley. Printed by J. Roberts. Octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c., of several Gentlemen Libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miscellany. Octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis. Written in 1724, though not printed till 1728. Octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS

IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smythe.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smythe.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's Sinking in Reputation; or a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smythe.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 6. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smythe.

The Flying Post, April 7. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the Same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smythe.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad

brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner:—"The Confederates, a Farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-Show. By Col. Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N.B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in Blank Verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph. [A person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after]. Printed for J. Roberts. Octavo.

A Complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll. 12mo, price 6*d*.

A second and third edition, of the Same, with additions. 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll. Extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6*d*.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curll. 12mo, price 6*d*. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a Stinging-Nettle. By Mr. Foxton. 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley. Printed for A. Moore. Folio, price 6*d*.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas. 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the Present Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C., Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts. Octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with New Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon. Octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis. Dedicated to Theobald. Octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen. Octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for those kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P——. Many other little Epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a Plain Satire on a Pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the Newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which *any body* should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility Examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis. Quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the Fourth Chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome. Folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into one epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal. Folio, 1731.

There have been since published:

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire]. Printed for J. Roberts. Folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court [Lord H——y 'Hervey']. Printed for J. Roberts also. Folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden. Octavo.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.[1] A true republican son of monarchical church.[2] A republican atheist.[3] Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last.[4]

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, the king, the queen, the lords, and gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of majesty itself.[5]

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.[6] His very Christianity may be questioned.[7] He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others.[8] With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.[9]

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre.[10] Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in anything more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question.[11]

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[1] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698, p. 8.
[2] Page 38. [3] Page 102. [4] Page 8.
[5] Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.
[6] Ibid. [7] Milbourn, p. 9. [8] Ibid, p. 175.
[9] Page 39. [10] Whip and Key. Pref.
[11] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning.[1] Some call him a popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent.[2] Pope, as a papist, must be a Tory and high-flyer.[3] He is both a Whig and Tory.[4]

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments.[5]

In his miscellanies the persons abused are, the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the bench of bishops, the Established Church, the present ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal.[6]

He is a popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings.[7] His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed popish principles.[8] It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome.[9]

Mr. Pope only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit.[10] It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse.[11]

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[1] Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii. [2] Dunciad Dissected.
[3] Pref. to Gulliveriana. [4] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[5] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.
[6] List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. More, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.
[7] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. [8] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.
[9] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c., p. 9.
[10] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. [11] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.

Mr. Dryden's Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer.[13] None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator.[15] It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love; but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c., requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer. He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.[14]

Mr. Dryden understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster School: Dr. Busby would have whipped him for so childish a paraphrase.[15] The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly.[16] The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity.[17] The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author.[18] This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἴχωρ for ἴχωρ must be the error of the author. Nor had he art enough to correct it at the press.[19] Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—he writes for the ladies, and not for use.[20]

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers.[21]

Mr. Dryden tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name.[22] *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets.[23]

Names bestowed on Mr. Dryden.

An Ape.—A crafty ape, dressed up in a gaudy gown—whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—none but apish and papish brats will heed him.[24]

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[13] Millbourn, p. 2.
[14] Page 22, and 102.
[15] Page 33.
[16] Page 203.
[17] Page 78.
[18] Page 206.
[19] Page 19.
[20] Page 144, 190.
[21] Page 67.
[22] Page 192.
[23] Page 123.
[24] Whip and Key. Pref.

Mr. Pope's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene.[12] He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge.[13]

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his versification.——But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.[14]

Mr. Pope understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little.[15] I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek.[16] He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question.[17] I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellences which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies.[18]

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he had burlesqued Homer without designing it.[19]

Mr. Pope tricked his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work; but 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of.[20] Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers.[21]

Names bestowed on Mr. Pope.

An Ape.—Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz., A P E, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face,[22] &c.

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[12] Dennis, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 12.
[13] Ibid. p. 14.
[14] Character of Mr. P., p. 17, and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.
[15] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 12.
[16] Daily Journ., April 23, 1728.
[17] Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.
[18] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.
[19] Dennis's Rem., p. 28.
[20] Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[21] British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.
[22] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

An Ass.—A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all.[25]

A Frog.—Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox.[26]

A Coward.—A Clinias or a Damœtas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage.[27]

A Knave.—Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his majesty.[28]

A Fool.—Had he not been such a self-conceited fool.[29] Some great poets are positive blockheads.[30]

A Thing.—So little a thing as Mr. Dryden.[31]

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[25] Milb. p. 105.
[26] Page 57.
[27] Page 176.
[28] Page 11.
[29] Whip and Key, Pref.
[30] Milbourn, p. 34.
[31] Ibid. p. 35.

An Ass.—It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass.[33]

A Frog.—A squab short gentleman—a little creature, that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox.[34]

A Coward.—A lurking waylaying coward.[35]

A Knave.—He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty.[36]

A Fool.—Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer.[37]

A Thing.—A little abject thing.[38]

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[33] Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref.
[34] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref., p. 9.
[35] Char. of Mr. P., p. 3.
[36] Ibid.
[37] Dennis, Rem. on Homer, p. 37.
[38] Ibid. p. 8.

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NOTES TO THE DUNCIAD.

TITLE, SUBJECT, AND HERO OF THE POEM.

The Dunciad, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Duncelad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of *Shakespear*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee's* (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."—Theobald.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate antiquary, an autograph of Shakspeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Egyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an edition of an author in marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book), in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our learned sister University (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a total new Shakespear at the Clarendon press.—Bentl.

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of Shakspeare was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed Shakspeare hath great reason to point at.

Anon.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *e* as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author, yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign

termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e's* wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne, who, if any word occur which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, *sic MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.—*Scriblerus.*

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes.—SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country: and what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders: where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour, so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still Dunce the second reign'd like Dunce the first.—BENT.[1]

[1] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Flecknoe as is ignorantly said in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1. [Curll's satirical work] but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first."—POPE.

[Wakefield conjectured that this allusion to Dunce the Second was a "satirical dash" at the reigning sovereign, George the Second. Pope was always making satirical dashes at the court, yet he seems to have been pleased at Walpole's presenting the Dunciad to George the Second, who was as unable to enter into the spirit of the poem as Pope's own gardener, John Serle.]

The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother and not the son is the principal agent of this poem: the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critique prefixed to Sawney, a poem, p. 5, hath been so dull as to explain the man who brings, &c., not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that kings were to be his readers; an honour which though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this ignorant to the first lines of the Æneid, assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of Æneas:

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a conjectural emendation, purely my own, upon each: first *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see Æn. ii. 513, from the altar of Jupiter Herceus that Æneas fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by winds that he arrived at the shore of Italy. Jactatus, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is tossed on land, is much at one with saying he walks at sea: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*.—Scriblerus.

Ver. 2. *The Smithfield Muses.*] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:*] i. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Ver. 12. *Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night.*] The beauty of this whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it; but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader, remarking only, that Chaos (according to Hesiod's Θεογονία) was the progenitor of all the gods.—Scriblerus.

[The allegory is more directly taken from Milton, Par. Lost, b. 2.

"There eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy."]

Ver. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold and blind.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of

sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degrees of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or, (as one saith, on a like occasion)

"Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies."—Bentl.

Ver. 16. *She ruled in native anarchy the mind.*] The native anarchy of the mind is that state which precedes the time of reason's assuming the rule of the passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of Dulness, in this absence of reason; who, though she cannot regulate them like reason, yet blunts and deadens their vigour, and, indeed, produces some of the good effects of it: hence it is that Dulness has often the appearance of reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the poet takes particular care to tell it in the very introduction of his poem. It is to be observed, indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial government in later times.

DEAN SWIFT.

Ver. 21. *Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air*
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court or magnify mankind,[1]
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;[2]
From thy Boeotia[3] *though her power retires,*
Mourn not, my Swift,[4] *at aught our realm acquires.*
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.[5]

[1] In the MS. it followed thus:—

"Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind."

[2] Ironice, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was graciously pleased to recall.

[3] Boeotia of old lay under the raillery of the neighbouring wits, as Ireland

does now, though each of those nations produced one of the greatest wits and greatest generals of the age.

[This note was displaced in the edition of 1743. The character of Bœotia was certainly redeemed by Pindar and Epaminondas; and Plutarch might also have been cited. The latter imputes the stupidity of the Bœotians to a cause never urged against the Irish—to their gross indulgence in animal food. The Irish wit, of course, was Swift; the general, the Earl of Orrery. Ireland has since, in Moore and Wellington, gained a glorious addition! The affair of Wood's half-pence, alluded to by Pope, was a simple but successful party movement. The copper coinage was wanted for Ireland. Wood, in 1724, obtained a patent for coining half-pence and farthings to the value of £108,000. Sir Isaac Newton had reported favourably on the coins as to quality; but Swift, from hatred to Walpole's government, especially the administration of Irish affairs by Primate Boulter, and his secretary, Ambrose Philips, roused up a spirit of discontent and resistance among the people, and by his Drapier letters ultimately compelled government to abandon the scheme. The national pride was touched by the fact that neither the Lord-lieutenant nor the privy council of Ireland had been consulted on the subject; and Wood, it was reported, had obtained his patent by a bribe given to the king's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal. The contract itself was both just and legal, and Wood might have pleaded the precedent of the royal mint, for the moneyers there also contracted with the government for the coinage. But Swift's object stretched far beyond the "copper chains" of Ireland. His country was neglected and oppressed under the British sway, and he burned to emancipate it—to let the British rulers see "that by the laws of God, of nature, and of nations, the Irish were and ought to be as free a people as their brethren in England." Pope alludes to Rabelais as the prototype of Swift. Voltaire said that, in the Tale of a Tub, Swift was Rabelais in his senses. Coleridge more happily characterises him as *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place. Yet how marvellous is Swift in his insight into human nature—in the various and grotesque combinations of his wit—and in the tremendous power of his irony and invective!]

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

Ver. 31. *Where o'er the gates, by his famed brother's hand,*
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.

Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

[The statues by Cibber are now in the hall of Bethlehem Hospital in St. George's Fields. One represents raving and the other melancholy madness. On the removal of the hospital to the present building, about 1815, the statues

(which are not of brass, but stone painted,) were repaired by Bacon the sculptor. The conception and execution of the figures attest Cibber's genius

CIBBER'S MADMEN.

and knowledge of art. It may illustrate the state of manners in Pope's time to mention here, that the old Bedlam was then a place of common resort, visited by the idle, the gay, and the curious, who paid a penny or twopence each for admission, and from this source a sum of about £400 per annum was derived. The "Tatler" classes Bedlam with the Lions in the Tower, the Tombs (Westminster Abbey), and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds. Pepys has an entry in his diary which might have served Pope:—"Stept into Bedlam, where I saw several poor miserable creatures in chains: *one of them was mad with making verses.*"]

THE CAVE OF POVERTY AND POETRY.

Ver. 33. *One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,*[1]
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.[2]
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,[3]
Escape in monsters and amaze the town.

[1] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little unendowed hall in the neighbourhood of the magnific college of Bedlam, and as the surest seminary to supply those learned walls with professors; for there cannot be a plainer indication of madness than in men persisting to starve themselves and offend the public by scribbling.

Escape in monsters, and amaze the town;

when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and

honest employments. The qualities and productions of the students of this private academy are afterwards described in this first book, as are also their actions throughout the second, by which it appears, how near allied dulness is to madness. This naturally prepares us for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union and acting in conjunction, to produce the catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical sibyl leading our hero through the regions of vision, to animate him in the present undertaking by a view of the past triumphs of barbarism over science.

[2] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which everywhere appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at court to ballads in the streets) not so much to malice or servility as to dulness, and not so much to dulness as to necessity: and thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirised.

> [3] Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras:
> Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu;
> Nunc violentus aper, nunc quem tetigisse timerent,
> Anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua taurum,
> Sæpe lapis poteras.—Ovid. Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides gives us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, by Proteus must certainly be meant a hackneyed town-scribbler; and by his transformations the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the bailiff. Proteus is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Ægypt, the original soil of arts and letters: and what is a town-scribbler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious science? By the change then into a boar is meant his character of a furious and dirty party-writer: the snake signifies a libeller; and the horns of the bull, the dilemmas of a polemical answerer. These are the three great parts he acts under; and when he has completed his circle he sinks back again, as the last change into a stone denotes, into his natural state of immovable stupidity. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent critic of his share, who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed *sophistam, magum, politicum, præsertim rebus sese accommodantem*: which in English is, a political writer, a libeller, and a disputer, writing indifferently for or against every party in the state, every sect in religion, and every character in private life. See my Fables of Ovid explained.—Abbe Banier.

CURLL AND LINTOT.

Ver. 40. *Curll's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post.*

Two booksellers, of whom see book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

[Bernard Lintot was Pope's principal publisher, and displayed his favourite red lines on the title-pages of the Iliad and Odyssey, and on those of various editions of the poet's works. He was the Longman or Murray of his day, and having made a handsome fortune, and left his business to his son, he died high sheriff of Sussex, in 1736, aged sixty-one. Edmund Curll was of a different stamp. He was audacious, unscrupulous, and shameless. In his reply to the Dunciad, he admitted the above offences, but attempted to defend his indecent publications by stating that they were medical treatises. He was confined five months in the King's Bench prison. He was also fined twenty marks, and set in the pillory for publishing a volume of Memoirs and Negotiations at the Courts of England, Vienna, Hanover, &c., which he had obtained, he said, from a fellow-prisoner in the King's Bench, John Kerr, Esq., of Kerrsland. This was in 1726. The readiness and alacrity with which Curll met Pope's repeated attacks, or threw out occasion for new ones, would suggest the idea that he enjoyed the conflict, and thought himself benefited by the notoriety which such warfare brought him. He considered himself quite a match for Pope in prose, and hurled at him his favourite motto, the Scotch proverb, *Nemo me impune lacessit.* The affair of the correspondence he looked upon as a complete triumph, and he occasionally sported with his formidable antagonist. In one of his impudent addresses, we find this ridiculous story: "The New Year's Gift, I sent by a special messenger to Mr. Pope at Twickenham, was a little book neatly bound in red Turkey leather, ruled, and the capital letters illuminated with gold and various colours), entitled *Heures des Prières: dédie à Madame la Duchesse de Chartres. Avec les Sept. Pseaumes Pénitentieux. A Paris,* 1696. This manual was likewise illustrated with four beautiful prints, one in particular representing David prostrate; in which part of the book, upon a label, was wrote the following lines:—

> "'As friends who of a criminal take leave,
> Pray the Almighty may his soul receive;
> So I these penitential Psalms have sent,
> Hoping like David, you'll at length repent.'"

Curll died December 11, 1747, aged 72. His business had for some years before been carried on by his son, Henry Curll, whom Pope also attacked in a note, which he afterwards suppressed. In a letter to Martha Blount, Pope alludes to "Mr. Edmund Curll having been exercised in a blanket, and whipped at Westminster school by the boys, whereof (he adds), the common prints have given some account." The following letter in the St. James's Chronicle records the famous exploit:—

"King's College, Westminster, August 3, 1716.

"Sir,—You are desired to acquaint the public that a certain bookseller near Temple Bar, not taking warning by the frequent drubs that he has undergone for his often pirating other men's copies, did lately, without the consent of Mr. John Barber, present captain of Westminster school, publish the scraps of a funeral oration, spoken by him over the corpse of the Rev. Dr. South. And being on Thursday last fortunately nabbed within the limits of Dean's Yard, by the king's scholars there, he met with a college salutation; for he was first presented with the ceremony of the blanket, in which, when the skeleton had been well shook, he was carried in triumph to the school; and after receiving a grammatical construction for his false concords, he was reconducted to Dean's Yard, and on his knees asking pardon of the aforesaid Mr. Barber for his offence, he was kicked out of the Yard, and left to the huzzas of the rabble. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"T. A."]

TYBURN.

Ver. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.*]

It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

[Shakspeare has alluded, in Love's Labour Lost, to the gallows at Tyburn, and it existed as early as the time of Henry IV. A few years before the date of the Dunciad, Jack Sheppard was executed there, in the presence, it is said, of about 200,000 persons. The last execution that took place at Tyburn was in 1783.]

JOURNALS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Ver. 42. *Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines.*]

Miscellanies in prose and verse, in which at some times

New-born nonsense first is taught to cry;

at others dead-born Dulness appears in a thousand shapes. These were thrown out weekly and monthly by every miserable scribbler, or picked up piecemeal and stolen from anybody, under the title of papers, essays, queries, verses, epigrams, riddles, &c., equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, and decency. [Edit. 1743.]

Magazines.—The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal picked up from every dunghill; under the title of "Essays, Reflections

Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.," equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, and common sense. [Edit. 1751.]

[Warburton probably imparted some of the acrid feeling which distinguishes this comment. Warton makes an exception in favour of The Gentleman's Magazine, but the whole statement is ridiculously overcharged. The Gentleman's Magazine—so distinguished for Johnson's early assistance to its pages, and for its antiquarian and biographical illustrations—was commenced in 1731, as the newspapers were then supposed to be too numerous for any one to read! "Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that (besides divers written accounts) no less than two hundred half sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment; and all the rest occasionally oblige their readers with matters of public concern."—*Introd. to Gent. Mag. No.* I.]

EPITAPHS.

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral lies our holy walls to grace,*] is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches in epitaphs.

["Which," says Warburton, "occasioned the following epigram:—

"Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm grieved
So very much is said:
One half will never be believed,
The other never read."

The epigram is of very general application; but according to Warton, it alludes to the too long and sometimes fulsome epitaphs, written by Dr. Friend, Master of Westminster school, in pure Latinity, indeed, but full of antitheses. Pope directed that he should have no other epitaph but the words *sibique hbiit*, and the time, added to the epitaph on his parents.]

NEW-YEAR ODES.

Ver. 44. *And New-Year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.*]

Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices of the instruments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a caste distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which, doubtless, induced our author to mention them here so particularly.

[It must be admitted, that of all who have worn the laureate crown, Colley Cibber wrote the most execrable Odes. They are not dull, but rampant with

fustian and bombast. His *New-year Odes* were a work of supererogation which exposed him to numerical ridicule, particularly after the Dunciad had led the way. Their yearly appearance was generally a signal for the small wits to assail the laureate with parodies and lampoons. His ode for 1743 sometimes as follows:—

CHORUS.

"On their great Grandsire, mankind rely,
To heal their griefs or swell their joy."

And one of the parodies has it:—

CHORUS.

"On thee, COLL, on each vice-roy,
To make us laugh, who're cause to cry."

PUNS UPON POPE.

VER. 88. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared "he that would pun would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many bulls as his name-sake Pope Alexander.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, viz. A. P—E. and they give you the idea of an ape.—Pope comes from the Latin word *popa*, which signifies a little whit; or from *peppigerus*, because he was continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather *popa vatis*, or *poppæus*."—Preface to Horn and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

VER. 89. *'Twas on the day, when * * * rich and great*
Lole Gresse triumph'd both on land and water:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad ensigns, awful fasces, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night descends, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more.

Viz. a Lord's-Mayor's day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in so readily, and which no ways agrees with the chronology of the poem.—BENT.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land and partly by water.—Gresse, the famous Admiral so general, obtained a victory by sea

and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and barbarians. In the former editions thus:

"'Twas on the day when Thor delivers and grows."

[3] The Ignorance of these moderns.] This was altered in one edition to gold chains, showing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made than to the beauty of the faithful and Grecian, nay, of ingenuous speech itself; *Lætus sequi*, glad for making glad &c.

[4] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with those in praise of money, in which kind nothing is finer than these lines of Mr. *Addison*:—

"Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry:
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still."

[5] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the show being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city poet ceased, so that upon Settle's demise there was no occasion to fill that place.

[The brief sketch of the Lord Mayor's day in the above lines is in Pope's fulsome picturesque style, but it seems a needless piece of flummery to leave [ ] out the mayor's name, which was in all the editions before 1741, with the notes—Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.]

JOHN HEYWOOD.

Ver. 98. *And sure succession down from Heywood's days.*] John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

[An account of Heywood's interludes will be found in Mr. Collier's Annals of the Stage, and in his Life of Shakspeare. These early dramatic performances occupy a sort of middle place between the moral plays and the modern drama. They are comic and farcical, but abound in native humour and character. "The Four Ps," a popular piece, by Heywood, is founded on a dispute between a palmer, a pardoner, a potticary, and a pedlar, as to who shall tell the greatest lie. The palmer settles the knotty point by saying incidentally, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life! This was admitted to be the most outrageous falsehood ever uttered, and the drama and the dispute end with the decision. The old dramatist was a humourist, musician and professed wit or jester, as well as writer of interludes.]

DE FOE AND TYRRELL.

Ver. 103. *Tho' wan all Phœbus in a forehead shines.*] In the first edition I had it,

"Tho' wan as Phœbus all his father shines."

A great reflection for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pyrrus, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics, as appears by the poem *De Jure Regio Papali*, now of De Foe, and by these lines, in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other—

"One (as they did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant new beer)
Did it produce such hops, tough, crabbed, hedge
Rhyme as is cut at the mower's ears on edge:
Written by William Pyrrus, Esquire, &c.
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.
Bless Jersey Maid! and his for his legal style
Call'd to this day the Hosier of the isle."

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

"It is little creditable to Pope that he should have mentioned without branding with his censure the evidence and proceedings of the Star Chamber, by which Prynne suffered, or the party violence and intolerance which sent De Foe to the pillory.

"That hieroglyphic state machine
Contrived to punish fancy in."

When not possessed by that spirit of satire which sometimes misled him to genius and moved, and to all high and ennobling feelings, Pope could do justice to De Foe. He said to Spence—"The first part of Robinson Crusoe is very good. De Foe wrote a vast many things, and some bad, though none excellent, except this. There is something good in all his writings."

LAURENCE EUSDEN, PHILIPS, AND TATE.

Ver. 101. *And Gildon sits on Blackmore's stallion Breed.*] Laurence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Gildon, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

"Eusden, a laureat'd bard, by fortune raised,
By very few was read, by fewer praised."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Art of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 113, 114, adds, "That of all the infelicities he ever met with, none appear so to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculous and the forlorn in them as can

well be jumbled together: and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Further he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus: but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not scored a reflection, "That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give future ages a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it."—Ibid. p. 317. But the well-known learning of that noble person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others. It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:—

> "In rosèd Baiæ's arms, and fired, Will Shirley lies;
> But if the true laureate, to warm the king grew it,
> Apollo begg'd pardon, and gave him his choice,
> But vow'd that till then he never heard of his name."
>
> *Session of Poets.*

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber, and is further strengthened by the following epigram made on that occasion:

> "In merry old England it once was a rule,
> The king had his poet, and also his fool;
> But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
> That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet."

"Tibbald succeeded Rowe as laureate in 1718. He was employed to sought the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, who was then Lord Chamberlain, and he was some time chaplain to Lord Willoughby de Broke: he died rector of Cottesbrey, in Lincolnshire, in 1733."

Ver. 126. *Set up one slim Philips scrap the Tate's poor pope.*] viz. Blackmore, see book ii. ver. 75. Dr. Philips, book i. ver. 262, and book iii. *prope fin.* Nahum Tate was poet laureat, a cold writer, of no invention: but some times translated tolerably well: as those befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Ashitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which sparkle through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

The allusion here is evident: as Milton's support and assistance to Andrew Philips.

DENNIS THE CRITIC.

Ver. 208. *vent all his malice and in Dennis rage.*] Here it is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really dead, according to the assertion of Sir Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. iii. But is spoken of that excellent and divine quickness of thought manifested by Dennis

that poetical rage and enthusiasm with which Mr. D'Israeli, in his time, was highly possessed;—and of those extraordinary books and romances wherein he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Hem. on Pr. Affl.—See Notes on book ii. ver. 265.]

Mr. Theobald, in *Cr. Censor*, vol. v. N. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. The world really knows not (says he) what to think of that reflection on poverty had been spared, either by design contradicted, or which, in the wide chase in effect of learning another pursued we should in compassion, substitutes attend to him with a relent and, and I—t him go away with a certificate of his ill nature.—Dear Furius (again) whom any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, strike back a thousand years to call in the assistance of the ancients. His very paragraphs is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their counterfeits of a fond beauty, who would never have had their good-will, but that it lay in their husband to be acquainted in their property. His appetite is not the talents of his heart, but the shortness of his temper." &c.—Take of his nose against ever pen an abundance of an angry character, and as they are now scarce, retain a dram of this style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, superb, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of the winged monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his mothering mountebank part does from human understanding.—He is so stupid and so remorseless a coach-backed rogue.—A book through which folly and ignorance, those features so base and monstrous as ridiculously look very big and very dull, and scrawl and bobble about by you, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-backed by that Blind Hector, the pain nor."—Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 20, 21, &c.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are as strong and as decisive. "I regard him (saith he) as an enemy; not so much to me as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which are been the sole delight of my life. A calumny of Lucian, who is sometimes pleased to be facetious, and the epidemic madness of the times, have given him reputation, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a persistent asserter, &c.—I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which pretends (how has thrown round him), and to show that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts nor English in his expression.—Preface, Remarks on Rhap. Pref. p. 2, 3, &c.

Besides Dennis, a gentleman of the name of Law had written one, which, by his manner of expressing it, in p. 22, appears to have been highly severe. Either upon the deadly fear of the like from the inclemencies of the said Mr. L—w. The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with

it, may bear it from Mr. Curll; my books, &c.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I leave with a just confidence unto the decisions of his own clandestine vouchers, his slanders and [illegible]. Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was one of being pleased, in the manner as Mr. Curll has many others [illegible] of which fact a full and true account of a forged and flagitious clearance by Pope, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716 the year antecedent to that wherein those remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. This will put it beyond all question as a passage in a very warm treatise for which Mr. D. was then confined, nine ten-pence, called 'A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings,' printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said 'to have insulted people on their calamities and diseases while he gave all occasions, by administering poison to them,' and is called (p. 4), 'a lurking wasp-fly, coward, and a stabber in the dark.' Which (with many other things most likely set forth in that grave) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people."

For the rest, Mr. John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged them by printing their letters. He made himself known to the great world by many admirable schemes and projects, whom the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given as follows:—"Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. He has also a great deal of penetration and judgment in the criticism (especially as to prince Arthur) done judiciously demonstrative." From the same account it also appears that he writ plays, "more to get reputation than money."—Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 88, 89, compared with p. 90.

This is one of the Notes which we should have been glad that Pope had expunged from his edition of 1735. Dennis had then been nine years dead. The reasons and causes of his hatred, it is true, had, in his lifetime, published his correspondence with Leyden, Wycherley, Congreve, &c. but Pope had subscribed for the work, and Dennis, evidently gratified by the compliment, acknowledged him in the following terms:—

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* Mr. Warburton's edition the following passage is added. "This particular warm remark provoked an incorrigible poet to make the following epitaph:—

"Here lies a publican, you had stabb'd your brother,
Long-eared Lewy Morgan, or Jedediah's worse namesake;
Nor, what remains on Dennis can be had:
The devil for laughter, for scorn you dead;
Or one so poor you cannot take the trouble;
Or one of whom your lawyer you sworn to charge;
Or such there is the swindler to assure you,
Secure in Dennis nowhere, want, and law."

The epitaph was published in the third volume of Pope and Swift's Miscellanies 1732.

"April 23, 1721.

"Sir,—As you were pleased but two of my books, I have ordered them to be left for you at Mr Congreve's lodgings. As most of those books were writ against the time that I was so unhappy as to be in a state of war with you, I would fain make that number at least ten of them, that no scruple might remain of that quarrel. I particularly hit out about half the letter which was sent upon publishing the paper called The Guardian. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, John Dennis."

Two letters Pope published in the editions of the Dunciad of 1729 that he afterwards awkwardly suppressed it. Dennis printed the poet's reply, which was in a very friendly strain:—

"May 8, 1721.

"Sir,—I called to receive the two books of your letters from Mr Congreve, and have left with him the little money I was in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the unreserve you have been pleased to make in those letters in my favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire that all the less reason may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I am sorry for. You may, therefore, believe me, without either ceremony or salvo. Sir, Yours, A. Pope."

No fresh provocation was given by the critic, and surely to publish the bitter epigram, and to introduce Dennis so prominently into the Dunciad after this season of peace and amity, was harsh if not indefensible. Dennis retaliated by sending to the press some dull offensive criticism which he had written thirteen years before on the Rape of the Lock. He had also his *Two Letters* against the poet. The latter had accused Dennis of writing the account of his own life—"Dennis of himself"—in Giles Jacob's 'Lives of the Poets.' Dennis got a letter written by Jacobs, stating that Pope had revised and altered the account of his life in the same work, subscribing two guineas for the publication. See book third of Dunciad for allusion to Jacob. The Gentleman's Magazine thus announces the death of "the critic":—1734, January 6, died John Dennis, well known to the learned world for his critical works. *We think to may be called the last classic wit in King Charles's reign.*"

COLLEY CIBBER.

VER. 109. *Raper, fore'd by nature dogs and bears to bite.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity; he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful liveliness of vivacity. This character is heightened, according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least, in mercy, have allowed me. What I am I ask to be thus used and dull still, pert, and no more?" He then solemnly appealed to his own innocence, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe they (our readers) but that for spoke words of him there he could possibly receive

and concluded it must be "merely to show his talk, or for some profit or other to himself."—Life of C. Cibber, viii and Letter to Mr. ——, pp. 15, 40, 53.

Ver. 119.—*Now, Dunce to Farrier! turn'd out at play,*
Shook his lost rattle, and a thus the day:
"Survey and supervise the lord and lay!

[1] Because she usually shows favour to persons of this character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

[2] It is amazing how the sense of this line has been misunderstood by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a leader. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can in no way derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity to which the greatest, not only of private and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But nevertheless (indeed, I will venture to say, to the meaning of our author) it was to show the old poetry, a curious principle, or, what Bacon calls a dormant axiome, that "Temperance is the life of arms." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a virtue accompanied with books, but without an engine, is a picture which finely expresseth how excess (the true enemy to the feet of the mind, to that of the body, one of which he always endangers, and often totally reduces) *lies* the great improvement of the other.—Scriblerus.

But upon the discovery of the true hero of the Poem, may we not add that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of memory as Dulness, or of reputation he has since, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat supper. Besides, now we see how well has the poet consulted his heroic character in adding that he swore all day long.—Bent.

THEOBALD'S SHAKESPEAR.

Ver. 124. *Then rapture Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sure,*
One of a kind, who justified their choice!

It is not to be doubted but Sayer was a subscriber to Theobald's Shakespear. He was frequently heard this way; and, to be sure, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and no folly; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he contended it could be nothing but a joke."—Letter to Mr. ——, p. 24.

This Theobald, or Tibbald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud, that it is to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to supposeably errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever emendations for the future be taken by any other editors he would still give above five hundred conjectures, that shall escape them all."

It was a ridiculous praise which the clergyman gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand, and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived

to all those alterations in his works which not the actors only (and especially the darling hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

[Annotated editions of Shakespeare (as Pope uniformly spells the name) have multiplied vastly since the time of the Dunciad, but as to the laborious work of Malone, Theobald's edition was unquestionably the best. He had the advantage of Pope in being familiar with the old black-letter literature, and black-letter poetry, so essential to the proper illustration of Shakespeare, and his patient industry cleared off many of our great poet from numerous errors and obscurities. Warburton corresponded with Theobald, and assisted him materially in editing Shakespeare. In the edition of 1720 Pope preferred a personal charge against Theobald. He said in a note that "during the whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition he published several proposals, full of magnificent promises and pompous solicitation to any who could contribute to its greater perfection; but this request, who can at this time sufficiently admire? Not by letters, by which it cannot be had any such design, till after its publication, when he was not solicitous to have it. (Daily Journal of Nov. 28, 1729.)" And there an outcry was made on the pains that poor author had taken with the booksellers to raise an extravagant subscription in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for Homer." Theobald, in a letter addressed to Dennison, denied this charge. He said he had not complained his design from Pope as to had on such certain design till he saw their intention of an edition of Shakespeare Mr. Pope had given to the public. With respect to the alleged intimations, Theobald writes that when he put out his proposals for translating Euripides, he solicited Mr. Pope to promote his design. To this the poet replied that he was glad there had been a declaration on the work, and that he would be glad to promote the interest. Theobald lived to see himself deposed, and Cibber elevated to the post of hero of the Dunciad. He died September 18, 1744, aged about 70.]

OGILBY THE TRANSLATOR AND THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

"John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time, in sending into the world so many large volumes. His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures. Ann (whose grand grace) to the works, he printed them all on special wood paper, and in a very good letter. —WINSTANLEY, Lives of Poets.

"The Duchess of Newcastle was one who buried herself in the soothing delights of poetry, leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." — WINSTANLEY, ibid. The duchess produced eight folios of fine paper, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had the arms of arms upon them.

[Margaret Lucas, Duchess of Newcastle, who died in 1673, notwithstanding

her pedantry and her Glory has found favour with parties whom it is no honour to please. Charles Lamb has commemorated the charms of her quaint Muse and her cavaliers devotion to her lord, in the long wife during the Commonwealth. Walpole says: "What gives the best idea of her unbounded passion for scribbling, was her seldom revising the copies of her works; for, as she said, it would disturb her fancies to correct." Two most fulsome panegyrics were addressed to the Duchess from the various societies of Liège and Cambridge. She had a lively genius, with knowledge and invention, but wanted that by which Pope excelled, taste and judgment. Her life was more poetical than her verses.]

BETTLE, BANKS, AND BROOME.

Ver. 148. A Gothic Library, of Greece and Rome,
Well purged and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

The poet has mentioned these authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate, only inferior upon his dying for the city instead of the court; but excels far above Shadwell, Dryden, or Durfey in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, Lord Mayors, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, though more successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive; some believe the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he degraded to a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick diction and thin premise; usually imitated in Cæsar and Pompey, Cæsar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a servitor of Jesus College, who once pulled up a commity from his betters, or from some old stones of his master, not entirely contemptible.

In the first edition it was,—

W—y purged, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bt—.
(Wesley, Wells, and Blome.)

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

Some have objected, that books of this sort will not sell, the library of our Boyes, which they presume consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books, (as they are to consider that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read those books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father, when he destined him for the gown. See the note on ver. 240.

[Of Elkanah Settle, the City poet, some notice has been previously given. John Banks was a pretty successful dramatist, and has tragedy, "The Unhappy Favourite, or the Earl of Essex," was long in the stage. He was cited to the law. The time of his death is unknown. Richard Broome, or Brome, wrote fifteen comedies, most of which were successful when produced. His comedy, "The Jovial Crew," was revived in the time of Pope, and was well received. Broome died in 1652.]

CAXTON THE PRINTER.

Ver. 119. *Caxt Caxton sent with Wynkin at his side.*] A printer in the time of Edw. IV., Rich. III., and Hen. VII.; Wynkin de Worde, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Eneis, and a history of which he speaks in his Proeme in a very singular manner, as a book hardly known. "Humphrey Duke of Glocester, uncle to my lorde prince and kynge that now is, translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of France, which he sente to my lorde Kynge Charles the fyrste, his nobel grete and grete clerk Virgyne whiche books I have seen and redde herein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed forth with his fader Anchises upon his shoulders the lyf, and with his hande his wife with moche other people followynge, and how he arryved into Italye, with all the hystorye of his adventures that he had or he came to the accomplysshement of his conquest of Italye, as all this may playnly be shewed in this present booke. In whiche I have playsyr to rede of the fayr and honest wordes and termes in Frenche, whiche I never coude se lyke, by reason of my rudenesse and lacke of connynge, and that booke as me semed, sholde be moche playsyr to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as for the hystorye. How wel that many hundred yeres passed was the said booke of Eneydos with other workes made and drawen daily, by grete clerkes, in prose and in ryme, whiche by reason the said Troyes made in hebrew, Greke, and Latyn, they coude not come to the knowlege of the commyn people, and specially for lacke of bookes whiche were not had ne used." Caxton set up his printing press at Westminster about the year 1471, and brought out a translation of the Game of Chess the first work printed in England. Three years before this he had printed in Flanders "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," translated from the French. Before his death, in 1491, Caxton had translated, or written and "emprinted," about sixty different books.

COLLEY CIBBER'S PERIWIG, &c.

Ver. 167. *For once the Petticoat and Perriwig were praise.*] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a full-bottomed periwig, which he wore in his first day of the Fool in Quality. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Colonel Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says his philosopher) may have been in this periwig my friend, who was not to despise the world, had a liking to it; knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could perceive of drooling as him a more partial regard and benevolence from each passenger he met: for as by dismal ones (*Vide* Spectator) we are taught to look for the worst in the countenance, so by these cheerful periwigs we are taught to look for the best; and that this gentleman's was of the latter sort, the first impression it gave me of him was sufficient proof. In a word, it made so much upon the perswasive part of me, that I immediately stept into a shop of pleasure, bought a new peruke of the person, and then a coach, and away rid to the play-house, and so forth. I am thought that night over a

battle."—See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

[Nell Gwynne ejaculated "the torment of Charles II. by a similar device in imitation of the French courtiers" in 1670. Nell "spoke the prologue to Dryden's Conquest of Granada in a grand dress and white hat, which proved irresistible."]

Ver. 199. *What can I now my Fletcher's heights invade,*
Tho' wrapt like Bibles, every book a head?

A familiar manner of speaking used by modern critics of a favourite author. Hayes might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library: "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien: c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, as he thinks himself) a bishop of the church of England. "Dear mother," wrote he, "At the time that the Rye of King James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the navil, Providence ordered it to postpone mine, till the two were determined; since that my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that prize fortune might have washed my leaves, footboys into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and amatual odes, sermons, and pastoral letters?"—Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

[Gibber received his education at Winchester, being sent there, as Mr Bowles observes, with a view of succeeding to a fellowship of New College.]

Ver. 200. *Or else, Tat Wyld's cassock the destroy'd?*—These doctors had a modest and neat appearance and like true disciples of arts were habited in black and white: they were justly styled satellites and gravos, but not always irrefragables, being sometimes observed half-open'd and split."—Scriblerus. This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: the doctors in this place mean no more than false, clear, a cant phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

RUFFHEAD AND MIST.

Ver. 208. *To Dulness Ruffhead is a martyr, or Mist.*—George Ruffhead, author of a Whig paper, called the *Flying post*; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

[When Mist's Journal was suppressed in 1728 it was revived under the inoffensive title of *Fog's Journal*.]

THE GOOSE THAT SAVED THE CAPITOL.

Ver. 311. *To all Posts assistant goose of Lucrece shout,*
And cackling save the sinking State of Dulness.

refers to the well known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

"Atque hic ansarea multarum gloria vocum
Portabat, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of saving and sinking, to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat.* Virgil gives a customary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Eccl. ix.

"——argutæ loquacis more palumbes."

Eccl. ix. therefore, *adsere cinyphiæ.* And why *cinyphia portabat?* does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

"Semicaper, et cornu sectetur arata capella."

Is this thistle in one line and goat in another, consistent? I corrupt not (upon a slight emendation) to correct it, *cursu.* Horace gives the same epithet in the same sense,

"——Aquilæ fidissimæ canoræ,
Dum cursu quatit."

And to say that verily have cast a common error into a proverb.—Sic etiam

Ver. 312. *And cackling save the sinking State of Dulness.* Not one of my pigeons so effective to the Fortune. For what Tacitus so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever. "That he defends the supreme powers as the deed so their exciting deserved (be it matter who hold the Capitol, for they be armed) not to have their thanks, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capitol."—Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

THE GAZETTEERS.

Ver. 320. *The very Gazetteers grow wise.*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at 300*l.* per annum each, employed in writing down the Pretender, and in the very day their patron quitted the helm, left down their pens, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

[We may here subjoin the paragraph in Book II. of the archbishop's treatise on the same subject.]—

We could wish to suppose these modern cattle more than on the cost with an unwilling mind, although these Gazetteers had as have lived within the date of his poem, and challenging as to produce any forth paper of that day. For

we may with equal assurance assert these Gazetteers not to have lived then, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely, therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author might not to be censured too rashly.—Scriblerus.

Notwithstanding this abstract ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteers was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure race, though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The most successful were rewarded with money, others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than 671 thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter, Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers between Feb. 10. 1731. and Feb. 10. 1741." Which shows the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years, in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the Church or University of any consideration was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

CIBBER'S TRAGEDIES, &c.

Ver. 218. *Gibberian pen shard and Gibberian brain.*] So indeed all the MSS. read; but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the humour being elsewhere well-pointed, to one man for his great modesty—modest Gibber—Read, therefore, as my poet, Cerberian pen and. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Homerical: the dog was the ancient as the bitch is the modern, symbol of impudence; Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon; which, since to a superficial reader may well be communicated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads. But as to the latter part of the verse, Gibberian brain; that is certainly the genuine reading.—Bentley.

Ver. 225. *O base ingratitude!*] This is a bitter and severe reflection upon the ill usage of his own works, which he is going to recollect, somewhat in the nature of one in great affliction; and reflecting also a general on the many miserable losses to which they might otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. *Wakes and vows, Gibberian sponsors!*] 'Tis may be easy also, that my mother and my godmother were equally prolific; for that one was solicitous the welfare of a child, born in the same year the other made for the father of a play. I think we see a parallel of each year between us; both related kinds were died in their infancy, &c.—Life of C. C. p. 217, 8vo. 1756.

Ver. 243. *With fool to fool.*] It is to be observed that our poet hath made his hero to imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender passions. He was indeed a person given to weeping, and he tells us, when Gordius the player sware if he did not make a good actor, he'd be hanged, "The surprise of being commended by one that had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) my master's words took away my breath, and fairly drove tears from my eyes."—Pref. to his Life, 8vo.

Ver. 246. *Now flashes the red Standard, now Pyracmon's fires,*
Great Gibber roars, and bounces in the fires
King Tubal-cain whose hammering cyclops
We never saw, tho' Newton thinks it,
Master's old anvils to a common furnace,
Tyrrel gasp'd aspect as from gate Infernal gone,
When the last Score past Styx to the realms

Am Deiphobi dextra ingenti ense recisam
Vidisse super aede domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said that the author was particularly courting to tragedy. "This (says he) is an argument to say I might succeed in a tragedy." It is certain it is that he had an ambition to excel in this type, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet prevents us here now lines; the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment.

In the former editions thus:—

"Now flames old Mummius, now Barbarius burns,
In one quick flash see Dryopithe expires,
And last, his own evil Genius Cibber rises,
Claps pitch'd hair'd wings, and flies from Troja's eyes,
While the last blaze," &c.

A comedy intended out of Moliere's Tartuffe and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's studies are to profit only arise from distinction to the good man:

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et illos
Et urbes, et Deos, et fatum, et quid sit utrumque," &c.—Hor.

[illegible] when he kept the house to hear his Majesty's loyal speech [illegible] the command of the town particularly pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him one hundred pounds for it. And that he deserved [illegible]

Ver. 249. *Tyrrel gasp'd aspect.*] I would here leave the reader to guess the story of Tyrrel's death, either from Whitehall, or Hounslow, or Salisbury plain, but to be sure of a true solution hereof, that of this also it was prophesied before, by Hecate, and Virgil, long before there was any such thing. For, first, it was not Troy, being made by the Greeks; and

secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:—

"Ut primum pabula lætas
Jussere herbæ, ut fœtus armentis corpora pinguis
Per terram, et roseo lucentes sanguine rivi
Lambere visa boves, mollesque sub arbore sommos
Carpere, non sine cura, hominum, queis cura boum."

Can a horse be said *Otium perire?* Again,

"Ubique pecudes,
Interque saltus et nemora capreæ
—— Atque suum cervæ norunt per devia callem."

Nay, is it not expressly said

"Semodi bellis mactus ineptus equus
Pugnæ armisque."

How is it possible the word *fœtus* agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin Goddess Pallas should employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? But it shall be proved to a demonstration in our *Virgil Restored*.—Scriblerus.

AMBROSE PHILIPS'S "CHLOE."

VER. 278. *This modish song*] A short song of "Chloe," An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is a most tedious, puling out a fine lady's case upon it. Some critics have formed opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the solemnes and heaviness of the author.

("This sheet" is a fragment of exactly a hundred lines, first published in the Freeholder, and now to be read in Philips' Poems. It exhibits his usual neat and pleasing style of versification, but wants vigour.)

THEOBALD AND OZELL.

VER. 286. *Tibbald the Great*] Lewis Theobald (as pronounced, or Tibbald (as written) was bred an attorney, and was clerk to Sir Thomas Parker, afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was author of some dramatic pieces, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called *Mist's Journal*, a thing of little value. "There is a notable incident, one night, when he was going from an ale-house-parlour to the box in Covent-garden theatre, to act the ghost in Hamlet, who doth justly bemoan the Metamorphoses of Ovid and of the tire-women, &c. This fellow is commonly known by the appellation of the Great."—Theobs, Remarks on Pope's Dunciad.

Mr. John Ozell (if we may credit Mr. Jacob) did receive his education at Westminster-school, where possibly he had not learning enough to drive him beyond the walls of it. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the

City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays."—Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, i. 196.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Cibber seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully pictured all successes on his learning and genius, in an advertisement of Sept. 30, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley. "As to my learning, everybody knows that the whole bench of bishops not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, Danish, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland show better verses in all Pope's works than Cibber's version of Voltaire's Zaïra, which the late Lord Hallifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c., &c. Let him show better and purer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Cibber's Rape of the Box. (In Heroic Epistle.) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Cibber's translation of Homer to be, as it was poor, so likewise superior to Pope's."—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country."—Jacob, Cibber.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

[The union of Toland with the bench of bishops—by being a well-known infidel—is ridiculous enough. Yet Toland deserves credit for having preserved some characteristic traits and information relative to Milton. Gould (well known for his translations) as the obituary notices record it, died October 7, 1748.]

HEIDEGGER.

Ver. 50. Besetting Lintot, or Heidegger and call.] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and as was said of Petronius, *arbiter Elegantiarum*.

[John James Heidegger, a Swiss, was a sort of metropolitan Beau Nash, celebrated for masquerades and masquerades. The English nation (it was said) had appointed him Director of their pleasures, and his post was worth £5,000 per annum. He was a favourite at Court and with all the nobility. Heidegger was remarkable for his ugliness and obesity, but was good-natured enough—being one person—to join in the laugh at his personal appearance. There is a story of his having had a wager with Lord Chesterfield that an uglier face than his own could not be found in London. The Earl produced an old woman, whom he and the umpires considered to be duly qualified. Appearances were against the Swiss, but on his insisting that he should wear the woman's head-dress while he gave her his verdict, the odds were declared to be dead in his favour. Heidegger died in a small state-room, and died Sept. 7, 1749.]

INDEX LEARNING.

Ver. 279 *How index learning turns no student pale*
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

(This illustration Pope borrowed from Bentley.—"Like a Tub, reversed.—"The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly which is indeed the shortest, the politer and politer manner, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned like fishes by the tail.")

WITHERS, WARD, HILDON, AND HOWARD.

Ver. 305. *Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rail,*
And Howard hangs Horace.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him."—Winstanley, Lives of Poets.

Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits: but renouncing popery, he published Tyrrell's books against the divinity of Christ. The Oracles of Reason, &c. He published himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley printed by Curll: in another, called Tr. Nov. Reformed, printed in 1714: in a thing entitled The Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes and a great number of wonderful poetry, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

(Pope had probably never looked into the poetical remains of old George Wither, for he could not have been insensible to the beauty of many passages in the "Shepherd's Hunting," which was produced in the Marshalsea. In that prison, "though walled about with despair," and Mary silenced his entertainment,—

"In my days of youthful lays,
With dreadless cheer I sate
To sing in rhyme, as time did chime,
And rules of reason set me;
Through the fountains where I sate
Of Helicon did flow

By the soft murmur of a spring,
Or on the least bough a rustling;
Eyes daisy where leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more private be.
Then all Nature's beauties see
In whom others wise men.

Hence the unfortunate bard cherished his only earthly bliss,—

"Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
That ever hovers to mortals' lot;
Though thou art a trifle here thought
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!"

Walker, after a busy and unmarried life, died in 1807. Here is genuine old poet of indestructible spirit come to be associated with two such modern scribblers as Gifford and Howard, it would be difficult to conjecture.]

GAMING AT THE COURT.

Ver. 210. *Gaming and Gath arise, etc., while behind the king.*] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year, and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exemption to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his Majesty residing chiefly being acquainted of, with a just indignation, prohibited it. It is reported, the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard-table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

"Greatest and justest sovereign knows you this?
Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can know
Whose mouth has arms drown, or whose eyes swallow."

Donne to Queen Eliz.

[The practice alluded to, we need scarcely remark, has long since been discontinued. Gaming as here described is unknown in the English court, and but little known in English society.]

MRS. NEEDHAM.

Ver. 223. *To Needham's.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer, if ever she might "get enough by her profession, to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her

fate was not so happy; for being candied, and set in the gallery, she was to the lasting shame of all her great friends and admirers, forced to the populace, that it put an end to her life.

TENDERNESS TO BAD WRITERS.

Ver. 323. *Gad was King Log!* See Ogilby's *Aesop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here and elsewhere a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that great Ogilby writ: which shows how candid and patient a critic he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness towards those unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a genius is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination. And if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others. And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances. For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the case of the world too well fitted to abuse them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct, and mention'd also in the following epigram:—

"Ye little wits, that dread a scribe,
Whom Pope vouchsafed a ray,
Alas! deserved of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

"To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud, to quit Him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There He shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
And must to earth return."

BOOK II.

VERSAL CRITICISM.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: the first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot choose but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word does not fully content us we take upon us to censure, first, that the author could never have used it; and, secondly, that he must have used that very one which we ourselves in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the last in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus —

"Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!"

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets, putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder; and thus being evidently the true reading, we wonder not so much as to mention the former; for which reasons of the just right of a critic to merit the acknowledgment of all succeeding commentators.

RICHARD FLECKNOE, OR MAC FLECKNOE.

Ver. 2. *Flecknoe's Irish theme*. Richard Flecknoe was an Irish priest, but had left much (as himself expressed it) the ensanguine part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Aeneid from the Iliad or the battle of Bodleam from the Pelham fair bears lines of exactness.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the contention from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors was called by the pompous name of ἀγὼν ἐπιδεικτικός, ἐν ᾧ ἐπαινοῦσι καὶ ψέγουσι. — Thesaurus, Gr. L.

[Sir Walter Scott says that Richard Flecknoe, from whom Dryden's satire takes its title and its distinguished as a small poet, that his name had become almost proverbial. "Shadwell is represented as the adopted son of this venerable monarch, who is long

"In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense, absolute."

The solemn inauguration of Shadwell (Tapes's Night) as his successor is

this drowsy kingdom, forms the plan of the poem, being the same which Pope afterwards adopted on a broader canvas for his *Dunciad*.—*North, Life of Dryden*. Flecknoe's works were numerous.—*See Hayle Forrests, &c.* 1650; "Sixty-nine Enigmatical Characters," 1658; "Love's Kingdom; with a Treatise on the Stage," 1674. He died in 1678.]

CAMILLO QUERNO.

Ver. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, having the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn session of wit on his coronation, at which it is recorded the poet himself was so overpowered as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. For the device Eloy Ver. Deus, elap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

[The good fortune of this Italian Mac Fleckno did not continue to the end of his life. He returned to Naples after the taking of Rome, and died in an hospital.]

JAMES-MOORE SMYTHE.

Ver. 30. *I sell a wife, and sell it the plaister like.*] Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James Moore Smythe, Esq., and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might have our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary or to pass for one himself. His case, indeed, was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had taken his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want: be so good as to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so; but the other cried out, "Sir, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:—

"Moore always smiles whene'er he writes;
He smiles (you think), squinting what he writes.
And yet in this no reader is absurd;
A miser must grin like what's and his gains."

His only work was a comedy called the Rival Modes; this town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1727, with this modest epistle:—

"He cannot attempt repose."

It appears from these lines that this is not the name of a real person, but a disguise. Mrs. [illegible] addition to represent the folly of a playboy. Thus Evening Advertiser on the Mist comments in full good vein as Mr. Moore vocabulum accedit quod spes et metus admittit. Dedication of Morte Rosemary to the Thee. Mrs. the farewell of which may be our author's in his playboy, Vale, Moore! in certain cases grave defends. Adieu, Moore! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.—Scamperers.

[Curll states that Lintot gave a hundred guineas for the copyright of "The Rival Modes," published in 1727. James Moore was the son of Arthur Moore, Esq., M.P. of Colchester, county of Surrey. There was a distinguished literature and political merchant, Arthur Moore, one of the board commissioners of trade, to which he was appointed in 1710. This Arthur Moore was a brother of the lord of Drogheda. His son, probably the object of Pope's satire, was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and took, jointly with his brother, the office of Paymaster to the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. Moore took the name of Smythe, as heir to his maternal uncle, Mr. Smythe, of Gloucester-street, from whom he derived a considerable fortune. He had been early acquainted with the Blount family at Maple Durham, and was a favourite correspondent of the fair ladies. This gave pretence to Pope's satire, and indelicacy to his hatred. Smythe had twice crossed his path, and stung him both as a lover and poet. He had stolen both his mistress and his verses. Teresa probably retained her regard for her old correspondent, but Pope was triumphant with Martha. James Moore Smythe died October 18, 1734.]

CURLL AND THE COURT POEMS.

Ver. 98. Immortal Curll! We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain recognition of great actions is the best praise of them, so we call only one of this collector that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it was before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his professions. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he cannot them to write what he pleased, they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among those he was known, nature of by the state, the church, and the law, and entered particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is long intimate with all possible dignity: he speaks Bishop intrepid Dromio; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles. If he falls, as like the fabled Titan; and Peter Motteux makes it to be the relief of all parties; he is favoured of the gods, he sees all three worlds, and his prayer is heard at a glance. Curryer is to the seat of Jupiter, though he loses the prize he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with eloquence, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis and Aeneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical; after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The whole of this author here page Mist is a grateful tribute for several

unmerited obligations. Many wholesome animadversions on the public affairs and many excellent and discerning rules on private persons, has he given to his satire. If ever he erred two verses to any other, he owned Mr. Cavill some thousands. His was every day expending his time and enduring his writings without innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention this Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of one fine writer, a lady of quality: but being first discovered, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it first hot to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to Cavill was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him. So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time, or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man."

[Cavill made a characteristic reply to this charge:—"You very well know, sir, that in the year 1717, when the Court Poems and the Basset Table, the Toilet, and the Drawing Room were published, upon your sending for me to the Swan Tavern, in Fleet Street, in company with Mr. Lintot, and inquiring into the publication of that pamphlet, I then frankly told you that those pieces were by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, a Dissenting teacher, given to Mr. John Oldmixon, who sent the same to be published by Mr. James Roberts, in Warwick Lane, and that my acquaintance Mr. Pemberton, and myself, had each of us a share with Mr. Oldmixon in the last pamphlet. For this you were pleased to treat me with half a pint of canary, sentimentally prepared: for the smoke effects of which it has been the opinion of all mankind you deserved the stab. My purgation was soon over, but yours will last (without a timely repentance) till, as the ghost says in Hamlet, with all your imperfections on your head, you are called to your accounts, and your offences purged by fire." *Preface to several sets of Pope's Correspondence.* This humorous story of the promised wine and purgation was exactly what the Scribleros were wanted, and Pope turned it to good account in his clever, but coarse satire, the "Account of the Poisoning of Edmund Cavill." The Court Poems are now included in the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.]

CORINNA.—MRS. THOMAS.

Ver. 70. *Cavil's Corinna.*] This name at length was taken up by one Mrs. T——, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope's while a minor, a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent or either of those gentlemen to Cavill, who printed them in 12mo. 1727. He disowned her to be the publisher in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of ascertaining the manner in which those letters got abroad, which in truth was a matter of very trivial things, fitter not only to [illegible] but were [illegible] of men and books, and only observable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

[Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas was first styled Corinna by Hughes. Cavill pub-

Lisbon some poems written by her, and two volumes of letters that passed between her and a Mr. Gwynne. Pope, in his young and gay days, was intimate with this woman, who certainly possessed a most literary talent, and was, at one time, much in favour with wits and nobles. Her history conveys this moral: Deserted by all her admirers, Carteret was thrown into prison for debt, and, after lingering there for some time, she obtained her release, and died a wretched inmate in Fleet Street, where she died Feb. 9, 1730, aged 56.]

POVERTY OF POETS.—UNPAID TAILORS.

Ver. 118. *Thee last on airiest seller mounted dwarf.*] This line has been bitterly complained of by Mrs. Jane S. Dodd, to Savage and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets; but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of critics. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have been applied was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of any great a grandeur as non-payment, which Mr. Dennis so far asserts to be a privilege, as to pronounce that "if Homer himself were now in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."—Pref. to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 10.

OBSCURE POETS AND PUBLISHERS.

Ver. 122. *Much, Dunce, to thee of your dull labours owing!*
Bond, Bond, thou dost the town's coop!
Dan, to thee many a piteous letter going!
Hot cockles amongst wits and lords a-rowing!

These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Busaccus Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Lord —— with a curse against Mr. P——." Captain Lovel was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. V., Mr. Gay, the Arts, and some ladies of quality," says Cook, Life, p. 11.

Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

It is not to be well imagined from this line, that we were in the error of our annotators on ver. 70 of this book, that More was a fictitious name, that those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; for he is a stale subject to ridicule those who are not real persons. The true, Curll, declares himself, a captain, author of a piece called The Confederates; but the said Curll, we find in a pamphlet written by Joseph Gay, is his second assertion to be credited no more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ more on our poet; but whether to write to

be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Bond, it cannot surely be the very same; nor is it at the other, a sermon. These matters depend upon it, no more authors start, but all phantoms.—Swift.

[Joseph Gay, a dull poet, some of whose original pamphlets, poems, made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's. It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the name of eminent authors.

[John Durant Breval, was son of Dr. Breval, prebendary of Westminster, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He wrote a poetical epistle to Addison, a poem on Calpe, or Gibraltar, with several dramatic pieces, and two volumes of travels in folio. Breval had served in Flanders under Marlborough, who gave him his captain's commission, and employed him in several negotiations. He died in 1762. Curll was indignant at the question as to Bond's identity. "Those names who ever was such a writer as Bond ever heard of? Take this answer: he hath published an additional (fifth) volume to the Spectator; a new version of Tasso both in smoothness an original poem called Buckingham House (after the manner of Cowper's Hill), and he inscribe to the late Duke who told him that the said poem would last much longer than the building it pretended." (Curlicd, 1728.) Both houses and poem have long since disappeared.]

COOKE AND CONCANEN.

Ver. 139. *Cooke shall be Prior and Concanen Swift.*] The first was specified (Cooke) writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Phillips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some inoffensive things in the British Journal and Daily Journal; and in the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Homer, to which Theobald wrote notes and half notes, which he carefully owned. In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse and give ease to the eye of the reader.

[Theobald did not "carefully own" the notes and half-notes which he contributed to Cooke's translation of Homer, 1756. Cooke in his preface to this work, says he, "following modest the example of his friends from his own," (as a general acknowledgment only,) "he will not touch errors and may have possibly committed himself by the wrong cause of some he unjustly imputed to others." In the early editions Pope gave him a note (to which Theobald...

> "In genuine Theobald, I discern
> The guide, the critic, and the friend;
> To help us think to save the sacred page
> Never (or this our part) reduced to chaos
> For who will help us ever to read the corn?"

Cooke wrote several dramatic pieces, poems, and translations. He also conducted the weekly journal called the *Confessor*, which had previously been under the charge of Amhurst. He was a man of considerable talents and learning, much esteemed by his friends, but careless and irregular in his life. He seems, like many of his contemporaries, to have imputed Pope's enmity in part to the ill offices of Savage, whom he calls the "Spy." To Matthew Concanen (who was appointed Attorney-General of Jamaica) Cooke was strongly attached, and honoured his memory with the following lines, which afford a favourable specimen of his versification. The influence of Pope on the poetry of his age is visible in these lines:—

"Friendship, begun in unsuspected youth,
In heart so founded and cemented truth,
In distant climes and various fortunes tried,
Nor death, the grand destroyer, can divide:
True to thy honest fame, while long shall fly
This last, just tribute to thy worth I give.
A humane physician and a virtuous mind,
Knowledge and judgment fitted various parts
To you to full perfection met the powers
Which sweeten and adorn the social hours.
In Envy's flowery gardens where you strayed,
If you invoked the Muse she gave her aid;
Nor covetous nor negligent of fame,
You've gained a fair—deserved a lasting name."

Cooke was born in 1703, at Braintree, in Essex; was some time in the family of the Earl of Peterborough; came to London in 1722; and followed a literary life till his death, in 1756.]

GOOD AUTHORS.

Ver. 110. *Say you, (to be set for Garth and Addison.)* Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison—in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it, even Cibber himself (concerning him to be the Author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet for the fourth means to insert their panegyric, and that much more handsome and in a less manner pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth, both as his particular friend, and as he was the predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of apothecaries: a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It was the wise Mr. Theobald says in unquestionable style, to satyrize private characters, and introduced persons to reproach of the subject, which none would have been hurt or

censure who left all subjects whatever, to fall upon the bad poets (which, alas! he feared would have been more immediately his concern). But certainly next to commending a good writer, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:—

"The craven rook, and pert jackdaw
Though neither birds of moral kind
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw
To show us which way blows the wind.

"Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Set up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half thou Dennis' rules,
And point instruction every way.

"With Egypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop it has but this,
And every rogue that stank alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead."

PERSONAL DEFORMITY.

Ver. 142. *Yet scrawling at his cruel length of face.*] The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his genius: an honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his cruel length of face!"—Mist's Journal, June 8. This gentle and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis says excellently: "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. These are no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to. But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species; and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature have given them, and have in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his outward is not from Adam, but from the devil," &c.—Dennis's Character of Mr. P. p. 13.

"Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 31, 'That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity.' I should also be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold the author

thus portrayed! Yet I consider it really hurts not him; otherwise to call some others dull might so them provoke with a world to say it: believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a brute ass, or a goting soul, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion, or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balaam, asinorum asinus*, esurio in Iriam being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned. But in our mother-tongue were I to call any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible: whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors might be preserved.

SCRIBLERUS.

The good Scribblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it was for connexion with the genealogy of the Dunciad, whose conclusion was always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope, yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:—

"While station, Pope, denies thy page
Its native celestial fire,
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, woo, admire:

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times, though many a friend bewail,
These times beward not I.

"But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And (pleas'd to excuse shall blame),
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one established fame;

When envy shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
Then (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see."

These verses are extracted from a collection of pieces in prose and verse on occasion of the Dunciad, 1728. They were written by one Lewis, author of "Philip of Macedon," a tragedy, published in 1727, and dedicated to Pope. In 1730 Lewis published a second volume of miscellaneous poems. See Cibber's Baveid, under date of 1784. In the fourth edition of the Dunciad, 1729, Pope has the following passage:—"They went so far as to libel an eminent scribbler for making our author's taste to ridicule, at the request of Mr. Gibber the antiquary, which injurious and unmerited honour he has requited in an Epigram by the Earl of B——:

Well, Sir, suppose the beaten'd——d head,
Suppose that Pope's an Ass;
All Somerset for it, he neither reads
The head nor prefaces."

"And by another person of quality—

Rysbrack, to make a Pope of stone,
Must labour hard and sore:
But it would vex him labour more,
To make a stone of Moore."

The "Moore," of course, is James Moore Smythe; the "Earl of B——" the Earl of Burlington, who might not like to have the imputation laboured upon him. Nor was the subject of the silish shape on which Pope was fond to dwell, even at a time an antagonist. The passage was retained in the quarto of 1736, but disappeared from the duodecimo of the following year.

ELIZA HAYWOOD.

Ver. 307. *So in the circle next Eliza placed,*
160. By bounteous Nature dowr'd!

In this genius is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the prodigate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex

Eliza Haywood.

which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet [illegible] the whole cast of his wrath [illegible] might not [illegible] take off the heavy [illegible] by

could not shew his indignation, hath shown his contempt as much as possible, having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy.—Scriblerus.

Mrs. Haywood. This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the new kinds of love, see Curll's Key, p. 32. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures, that, though she should find the little malevolencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain that it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clio, printed in the Female Spectator, p. 16.

Axtell, the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in Penn., with her picture there dressed up before them.

[This gatheress, like Mrs. Centlivre, had trod the stage, and afterwards wrote some miserable novels and dramatic pieces. Her later works were more decent and becoming than those mentioned by Pope: they were the Female Spectator, Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, the Invisible Spy, &c. She died in 1756, aged about sixty.]

OSBORNE, THE BOOKSELLER.

Ver. 103. *Osborne and Curll, marvel, &c.*] A bookseller in Grey's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part: and therefore placed by him instead of a less deserving predecessor. [The first person named was a bookseller named Charlwood, who, to serve drunken Bamber, as Curll says, was sent home crowned like Osborne in the play.' In the edition of 1729, Chapman, another bookseller, succeeded Charlwood.] This man published advertisements, for a year together, proceeding to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price of what books he had gone, but yet to the size of them (which was quarto), the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Grub-street harangued (Mon. July 6, 1730): "How unhandsomely must it be to a writer, to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so foreign to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest part of Lord in 1735; and than whom virtue has not had a shrillier trumpeter for many ages! That you who once generally admired and esteemed can be despised by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact: which being utterly false, did not indeed much trouble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

[Thomas Osborne was so impudent a fellow, according to Dr. Johnson, that

he would not feel Pope's satire. Osborne purchased the great Library of the Earl of Oxford for the sum of £13,000. Johnson drew up the catalogue of this noble library, and in some dispute with the bookseller knocked him down with a folio volume. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop it was in my own chamber." See Boswell, under date 1743.]

THOMAS BENTLEY.

Ver. 305. *Bentley his mouth with classic flattery open.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thom. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his classic elocution may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht:—"Cupimus patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro Deum per omnia adfuisse, nemini dubium esse debet, quin ejus et curantem direxisse, certissimum est. Hujus enim unius forte operæ sequissimis et pernecessariis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello finem imposituin videmus. O diem æterna memoria dignissimum! qua terrores pacem omnes exulsit, pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, illis populi Anglicani amor, Harleius."

Thus critically (that is verbally) translated:—

"Thy father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican orb, we much desire to adore! Oh mighty column of our republic! O Britain fortunate in such a hero! That to such and so great a man God was ever present, in every thing, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a most absolute certainty! For it is in a manner by the operation of this man alone, that we behold a war (alas! how much too long a one!) brought at length to an end, on the most just and most honourable conditions. Oh day eternally to be memorated! wherein all the terrors of this country were exiled, and a peace (long wished for by almost all Europe) was restored by Harley, the love and delight of the people of England." [T. Bentley was then a mere boy.]

But that this gentleman can write in a different style may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several noble lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke, thanked for that very peace, which he here makes the single work of the Earl of Oxford, directed by God Almighty.

[Bentley, it is said, sent a challenge to Pope in consequence of this satire. The poet referred it to a military friend—probably Colonel—who, in consideration of the personal infirmity of Pope, took up the quarrel, and offered to meet his adversary. Upon this Bentley explained or apologized.]

LEONARD WELSTED.

Ver. 207. *But Welsted most the poet's healing balm*
Strives to extract.

Leonard Welsted, author of The Triumvirate, or a Letter in Verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He wrote other things, which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator. And there was another in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterised in the treatise Περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a dilapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:—

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
'Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in book 3, ver. 169.

The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That although their pens and praises were as exquisite as their conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.—Scriblerus.

[The following is the note appended by Pope to the passage in book 3, in which Welsted is again named]:—

Of this author see the remark on book 2, v. 269. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:—

"Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent in the two universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (civilly) became a member of both, and, after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious

characters of the present age. Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters. His love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt. In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love-tale—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry."—WELSTED of himself, Char. of the Times, 8vo., 1728, p. 23, 24. It should not be forgotten to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the Ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c., in 1742.

[It was the policy of Pope to represent all his antagonists as poor and wretched, although in many cases there was no foundation for the statements. Welsted, James Moore Smythe, Breval, and others, were men respectable in society. Welsted was Clerk in Ordinary to the Ordnance, to which he was appointed by the Duke of Newcastle, and which he held till his death, in 1747. Many of his poetical pieces are of a superior description. They were collected by Nichols, and published in two volumes, in 1788. It is admitted that in the quarrel with Pope, Welsted was the aggressor.]

DENNIS'S THUNDER.

Ver. 220. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same, but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my thunder."

[In 1709, Dennis brought upon the stage a tragedy, Appius and Virginia, for which, it is said, he had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and ever afterwards followed in the theatres. His play, however, was not successful; and, happening some nights afterwards to be present at the representation of Macbeth, he heard his own thunder made use of, upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath that it was his thunder! "See," said he, "how these rascals use me; they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!" In Cibber's Lives of the Poets, another ludicrous anecdote of Dennis is related. When residing within the verge of the court, for the security of his person against creditors, and sitting in an open drinking-room, on a Saturday night, the poor poet saw a man enter whom he judged to be a bailiff. He sat in painful anxiety till the clock struck twelve, when he started up and cried in an ecstacy, "Now, Sir Bailiff, or no Bailiff, I don't care a farthing for you—you have no power now." The man was astonished at his behaviour, and no less affronted with the suspicion. Dennis's vanity is well illustrated by another story. In his tragedy of Liberty Asserted, 1704, one of his few plays that enjoyed

success, he had, as he conceived, been *very severe* upon the French nation, exposing unmercifully their frailties and vices. Louis the Fourteenth, he thought, would never consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up a sacrifice to national resentment! Under this impression, he waited upon Marlborough, to entreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries that he might not be given up. The Duke said, he did not consider the poet's case to be so desperate. He had taken no care to get *himself* excepted in the articles of peace, and yet he could not help thinking that he had done the French almost as much damage as even Mr. Dennis had done! Dennis is also said to have one day run away from the coast of Sussex on seeing a ship approach, conceiving that he had been betrayed to the French, and that they had sent the vessel on purpose to carry him off. These ludicrous anecdotes, though probably, like the old Minerva Press novels, "founded on fact," were no doubt exaggerated by the witty malice of the frequenters of Will's and Button's.]

WEBSTER AND WHITEFIELD.

Ver. 258. *There Webster peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield thine!*] The one the writer of a newspaper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Christianity was by the new-birth of religious madness; that by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

[This allusion to Webster and Whitefield was, of course, a late addition to the poem. The celebrated George Whitefield was only fourteen years of age when the Dunciad was first published. Whitefield cannot be said to have had *small success* as a preacher. He drew crowds after him, and even David Hume said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. His influence over the lower classes as a field-preacher was perhaps unparalleled. This remarkable man died in Newbury, New England, in 1770.]

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Ver. 268. *Who sings so loudly and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven

books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the "everlasting Blackmore." Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer." Comp. Art. of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the the Times? p. 25, who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of, among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's action (saith he) has neither unity nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no fable, and no heroic poem. His narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic." Nay, he proceeds so far as to say, Sir Richard has no genius; first laying down, that "Genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. Many men (says he) have their hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers." But he declares that "Sir Richard had neither the hints nor the motions." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden, and in his last of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270,) on a mere report, from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a travesty on the First Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious we shall here transcribe:—"It was he who burlesqued the psalm of David. It is apparent to me that psalm was burlesqued by a Popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings. Now show me another Popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of impiety and irreligion:—"All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England: for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England, that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is if they have so much as divine probability,

then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider," &c. 'Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

[In the edition of 1729, to the above note was added a declaration, that Mr. Pope never had any obligations to Sir R. B., and never saw him but twice in his life. With respect to the parody on the First Psalm—which bears the indubitable *Pope mark* on every line, but is too daringly profane and indecent for publication—Curll states that the poem was handed about by Mr. Pope in the Lent season, and was printed from a copy in his handwriting:—"He put out an advertisement in the *Postman*, offering three guineas reward to discover the person who sent it to the press, but this was only an evasive feint, for Mrs. Burleigh, in Amen Corner, was the publisher of it, and was ready to produce the MS. under his own hand, but neither he nor any one for him ever paid the premium, or said one word more about it, when he found it could be proved upon him."—*Key to the Dunciad*, 1728.]

FLEET DITCH.

Ver. 271. *To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams.*] Previous to the appearance of the Dunciad, Swift and Gay had commemorated in verse the "muddy current" of Fleet Ditch. "That part of the town ditch in front of the city wall, between Bridewell Dock and Holborn, so called from the Fleet, a bourne or brook which runs into the town ditch, by, I believe, Fleet-lane, and so by Bridewell into the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge. After the Great Fire, it was converted into a dock or creek, and called the New Canal. It is now a covered sewer, and one of the largest in London. This celebrated ditch was primarily supplied by the waters of certain wells in the suburbs of the city, called Clerkenwell, Skinners-well, Fags-well, Tode-well, Loders-well, and Radwell, forming a stream called the River of Wells, or Turnmill Brook. From Clerkenwell the River of Wells ran down Turnmill-street, and Hockley-in-the-Hole, into Holborn, where it was fed by a brook called "Old-Borne," and so on into what we now call Farringdon-street, where it received the waters of a little rapid streamlet, called the Fleet, and made its way into the Thames by Blackfriars Bridge. As the population increased about Clerkenwell and Holborn, the waters of the wells were diverted from their former channel, and the ditch became a kind of stagnant creek; or, worse still, a receptacle for every description of garbage and offal. Stow enumerates several attempts that were made to clean it and to keep it clean, so that boats and barges might pass and unload their cargoes at Holborn as before. The new canal was forty feet in breadth, and cost the sum of £27,777, besides what was paid to the proprietors whose grounds were taken for wharfs and quays. The toll was heavy, the traffic inconsiderable, and, in spite of its new name, and the money that had been spent upon it, the ditch was doomed to continue a common sewer. The mayor and corporation, when the present Mansion House was about to be built, and it was necessary to remove Stock's Market, wisely determined to arch

over the ditch, between Holborn Bridge and Fleet Market, and remove the market to the site thus obtained. Stock's Market, in consequence of this determination, was removed to Fleet Ditch on the 30th of September 1737, and called Fleet Market. A portion of the ditch between Fleet-street and the Thames still remained open. An opportunity, however, was found, when Blackfriars Bridge was built, to arch it over, and, since 1765, famous Fleet Ditch has carried its dead dogs, and disemboguing streams, to the Thames underground."—*Cunningham's Hand Book for London.*]

OLDMIXON.

Ver. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric), he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest, that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the Unborn Poet." Curll: Key, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry, consisting of heroic epistles, &c., some whereof are very well done," saith that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the Preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History: which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

He is here likened to Milo, in allusion to that verse of Ovid,—

"Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;"

either with regard to his age, or because he was undone by trying to pull to pieces an oak that was too strong for him.

"Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend."

Lord Rosc.

[Oldmixon merited the poet's censure. He died July 9, 1742, aged 69.]

DEAN SMEDLEY.

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley dived.*] The person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces; a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

[In the early editions this episode was applied to E——, or Eusden, the Laureate. Jonathan Smedley, a stanch Whig, and Dean of Clogher, in Ireland, was a more formidable personage. His lines on Swift's instalment as Dean of St. Patrick's, cut as deeply as any of the attacks in the Dunciad, though inflicted with a coarser weapon. The following character of Swift, by Smedley, is admitted by Sir Walter Scott to possess considerable point and vivacity, as well as a distorted resemblance to the Dean's character:—

"THE DEVIL'S LAST GAME.

"Said Old Nick to St. Michael, you use me but ill,
To suppress all my force, and restrain all my skill:
Let me loose at religion, I'll show my good parts,
And try if your doctrine can balance my arts.
'Tis a match! cried the angel, and drew off his guard,
And the devil slipp'd from him to play a court card.
The first help he sought was a qualified mind,
That had compass and void for the use he design'd.
There occurred a pert nothing, a stick of Church timber,
Who had stiffness of will, but his morals were limber;
To whom wit served for reason, and passion for zeal;
Who had teeth like a viper, and tail like an eel;
Wore the malice of hell with heavenly grace,
Of humour enchanting, and easy of face;
His tongue flow'd with honey, his eyes flash'd delight,
He despised what was wrong, and abused what was right:
Had a knack to laugh luckily; never thought twice;
And with coarseness of heart had a taste that was nice.
Nature form'd him malignant, but, whetting him fast,
He was edged for decay, and too brittle to last.
He would quarrel with virtue because 'twas his foe's,
And was hardly a friend to the vice which he chose:
He could love nothing grave, nothing pleasant forbear;
He was always in jest, but most when in prayer!
'Lord be praised,' quoth the devil, 'a fig for all grace!'
So he breathed a new brogue o'er the bronze of his face;
Lent him pride above hope, and conceit above spleen,
Slipp'd him into Church service, and call'd him a DEAN!"]

AARON HILL.

Ver. 295. *Then * essayed.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipped in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and personal invectives.

[In the life of Pope we have given an account of the poet's quarrel with Aaron Hill, arising out of this passage in the Dunciad. Hill was a smooth and elegant versifier, a man of benevolent and amiable character, but vain and fantastic in many of his pursuits, and, latterly, a gross flatterer of Richardson, the novelist, to whom he seems to have been indebted for more substantial favours than a mere exchange of praise. He was of good family, fortune, and connections: born in 1685, the son of George Hill, Esq., of Malmesbury Abbey, Wiltshire, and educated at Westminster School. When a mere youth, he set off to Constantinople to visit his relation, Lord Paget, and he afterwards made the tour of Europe. In 1709, he was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and to the end of his life he was engaged in theatrical speculations. Having written a poem (Camillus) in vindication of the Earl of Peterborough, the noble lord appointed him his secretary, but Hill was then deep in the affairs of the stage, and also newly married, and, consequently, did not go abroad with Peterborough. They seem afterwards to have meditated an expedition to the West Indies, but it also fell through. In 1718, he wrote a poem in praise of the Czar Peter, entitled The Northern Star, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal from the Empress Catharine, who wished him to undertake the life of the Czar. The death of Catharine, it is said, put an end to the projected memoir. Hill was the author of many tragedies, but only one can be said to have been successful, a translation of Voltaire's Zara, in which Mrs. T. Cibber, the excellent tragic actress, made her first appearance on the stage. Ever restless, and projecting new schemes, theatrical and commercial, Hill dissipated his fortune. His literary works were unsuccessful, but he confidently appealed to posterity:—

> "Yet while from life my setting prospects fly,
> Fain would my mind's weak offspring shun to die;
> Fain would their hope some light through time explore,
> The name's kind passport when the man 's no more."

Alas! the passage in the Dunciad has been his sole passport to posterity. He died February 5, 1750, "in the very minute of the earthquake," says Davies, "the shock of which, though speechless, he appeared to feel."

Hill is seen to advantage in his correspondence with Pope, and, both in prose and verse, he praised him so highly as a poet, that one is mortified to find him afterwards writing to Richardson in the following strain:—

"Mr. Pope, as you with equal keenness and propriety express it, is *gone out*. I told a friend of his, who sent me the first news of it, that I was very sorry for his death, because I doubted whether he would live to recover the accident. Indeed, it gives me no surprise, to find you thinking he was in

the wane of his popularity. It arose, originally, but from meditated little personal assidnities, and a certain bladdery swell of management. He did not blush to have the cunning to blow himself up by help of dull unconscious instruments, whenever he would seem to sail, as if his own wind moved him.

"In fact, if anything was fine or truly powerful in Mr. Pope, it was chiefly centred in expression, and that rarely, when not grafted on some other writer's conceptions. His own sentiments were low and narrow, because always interested; darkly touched, because conceived imperfectly; and sour and acrid, because writ in envy. *He had a turn for verse, without a soul for poetry.* * * * But rest his memory in peace! It will very rarely be disturbed by the time he himself is ashes. It is pleasant to observe the justice of forced fame; she lets down those, at once, who get themselves pushed upwards, and lifts none above the fear of falling, but a few who never teased her."

Truly, Aaron Hill merited a place in the Dunciad.]

CONCANEN.

Ver. 309. *See Concanen creep.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren, in enmity to Swift), in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others. To this rare piece, somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

[The interest of the Duke of Newcastle procured for Concanen, in 1732, the appointment of Attorney-General in India, which he filled with integrity and honour for nearly seventeen years. He acquired an ample fortune, and was on his voyage home, with the hope of enjoying it, when he died, January 23, 1749. Concanen was associated with Theobald and *with Warburton* in criticising Pope's Shakspeare.]

WILLIAM ARNALL.

Ver. 315. *Not so bold Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty, with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his

due place in it by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witness a paper, called the Free Briton, a dedication, intitled To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of *four years*, no less than *ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence* out of the Treasury."

[Arnall was much in the confidence of Sir Robert Walpole, and was employed on various secret missions. He was shrewd, sensible, and an able party writer, but vain and extravagant. "What he got," says Coxe, "he spent as fast as it came, and many of his letters to Sir Robert show great poverty and distress. They are full of earnest petitions for preferment, money, &c. He had a silver inkstand, which he was proud of displaying, and boasted it was a present from his *friend Walpole*. His distress at last, brought on by his own imprudence, induced him, it is supposed, to commit suicide." This occurred in 1741, when Arnall was only twenty-six years of age.]

LUKE MILBOURNE.

Ver. 349. *And Milbourne, chief, deputed by the rest.*] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing, at the same time, his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

[The Rev. Luke Milbourne actually made the suicidal attempt mentioned by Pope. He published Notes on Dryden's Virgil, in a Letter to a Friend, and after much irrelevant criticism, added a specimen of his own ability as a translator. "That Mr. Dryden," he said, "might be satisfied that I 'd offer no foul play, nor find faults in him without giving him an opportunity of retaliation, I have subjoined another metaphrase or translation of the First and Fourth Pastoral, *which I desire may be read with his by the original.*" Milbourne died in 1720.]

BISHOP HOADLEY.

Ver. 370. *My H——ley's periods.*[1]

„ 400. *Yet silent bow'd to Christ's no kingdom here.*[2]

[1] [In the early editions it was "Henley's periods." Pope afterwards reduced it as above, wishing probably that the satire should be transferred to Bishop Hoadley, whose "periods of a mile" he alludes to in his Satires of Dr. Donne Versified.]

² This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc., to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.

[The allusion is palpable. The sermon by Hoadley on the Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ occasioned a long and vehement polemical war, known as the Bangorian controversy, from Hoadley being at that time Bishop of Bangor. The sermon was preached before the king in 1717, and published by the royal command. Hoadley's *Low Church* principles, which recommended him at Court, were directly opposed to Atterbury's *High Church* and Tory opinions, and there was a fierce dispute between them. Hoadley was a formidable antagonist. He was a better reasoner, though a worse writer than Atterbury, and he was warmly attached to the civil and religious liberties of England, which Atterbury would have laid at the feet of the imbecile and bigoted house of Stuart. This zeal for constitutional government and the right of private judgment exposed Hoadley to the satire of Swift and Pope. It is but right to state, that Hoadley, along with Wake, left the House of Lords, and never voted in any division upon Atterbury's affair, having been engaged in controversy with him.]

EUSTACE BUDGELL.

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgell aimed to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and *one small* piece on love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well-known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

[Poor Budgell committed suicide May 4, 1737. He was the son of Dr. Budgell, of St. Thomas, near Exeter, was a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, and a relation of Addison, his mother being Addison's cousin-german. With these advantages Budgell began the world under favourable auspices. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary of State. He was elected a member of the Irish Parliament, and distinguished himself both as a speaker and man of business. At the same time he wrote several able papers in the Spectator. The death of Addison deprived Budgell of a powerful friend, and the darker shades of his character—his litigious disposition, his infidel opinions, and ungovernable temper—alienated from him other friends. He lost thousands of pounds in his attempts to obtain a seat in the English House of Commons, and in speculations in the South Sea scheme. Thus reduced, his only means of subsistence was literary employment, and he wrote various poetical pieces, political pamphlets, and miscellaneous productions. At length his friend, Dr. Tindal, died, and by his will a sum of 2,100*l.* was left to Mr. Budgell. The bequest was so disproportionate to Tindal's means, and so injurious to his nephew, Nicholas Tindal, the translator of Rapin, that the latter carried the

case into the Court, and the will was set aside. With this stain on his character, Budgell fought on for some time, but he became still deeper involved in law-suits, his debts accumulated, and at last he dreaded an execution in his house. This prompted the alternative of suicide. He took a boat at Somerset Stairs, having previously filled his pockets with stones, and, as the waterman was "shooting the bridge," he threw himself overboard.]

MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Ver. 411. *At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail.*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32,) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

[Some of Mrs. Centlivre's comedies are still popular. The Busy Body and The Wonder a Woman Keeps a Secret, are excellent acting plays. Most of her productions, however, are stained with the licentiousness of the times. The history of this woman is singular. Her father was a gentleman of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, who fled to Ireland about the time of the Restoration, to escape persecution for his religious opinions as a Dissenter. Both her parents died before she was twelve years of age. She travelled to London on foot to seek her fortune—was some time under the protection of Anthony Hammond, father of the poet, but married in her sixteenth year to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. This gentleman did not live more than a twelvemonth, when, shortly afterwards, she was married again to a Mr. Carrol, an officer in the army, who was killed in a duel about a year and a half after their marriage. She now took to dramatic writing as a means of subsistence, and from 1700 to 1705 produced six comedies, to one of which (the Gamester) Rowe, the poet, contributed a prologue. She next tried the stage, and while performing the part of *Alexander the Great* at Windsor, she captivated the heart of the "Yeoman of the Mouth," or principal cook to Queen Anne, who proposed marriage, and was accepted. She lived happily with this important official for about eighteen years, producing during that time some of her best plays. She died December 1, 1723. As Mrs. Centlivre was intimate with Rowe, Budgell, Steele, and the other Whig authors who supported Tickell's Homer, she had been induced to join in the attempt to depreciate Pope's fitness for the translation.]

MOTTEUX.

Ver. 412. *Motteux himself unfinished left his tale.* [Peter Anthony Motteux, the excellent translator of Don Quixote, and author of a number of forgotten dramatic pieces. He was a merchant, and held a situation in the Post Office. He died in 1718. Dryden addressed an epistle, To my Friend, Mr. Motteux,

on his Trajedy called Beauty in Distress, in which he compliments him highly on his mastery of the English language; a circumstance certainly remarkable in a Frenchman, though long resident in England.]

BOYER AND LAW.

Ver. 413. *Boyer the State and Law the Stage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A.M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that "the playhouse is the temple of the devil: the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go, yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among devils, and all who are there are hearing music in the very porch of hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one made by a poetaster, as between two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had

ABEL BOYER.

written against the stage were Jacobites and non-jurors; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier published his Short View when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the

opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, though I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late rebellion."—Dennis, Stage Defended against Mr. Law, p. ult.

[Abel Boyer, was, like Motteux, a French refugee. He published a History of King William, in 3 vols; Annals of Queen Anne, in 11 vols; State Trials, &c. He died at Chelsea in 1729.—William Law has received a better immortality than that of the Dunciad, by the praises of Dr. Johnson, and Gibbon the historian, and by his excellent devotional works, the Serious Call to a Devout Life, Practical Treatise on Christianity, The Spirit of Prayer, &c. He was in reality a very powerful and masculine writer. His death took place in 1761.]

MORGAN AND MANDEVILLE.

Ver. 414. *Morgan*[1] *and Mandeville could prate no more.*] [1] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title; for, having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.

[Morgan was a Dissenting Minister in Bristol, author of the Moral Philosopher, 1737.—Bernard Mandeville was a Dutchman by birth, but settled in England when young, and practised as a physician until his death, in 1733. His principal work, the Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public, Benefits, was doubly distinguished in being presented by the Grand Jury of Middlesex as immoral and pernicious, and in being answered by Pope's friend, Bishop Berkeley. "Frugality, according to Mandeville," is like honesty *a mean starving virtue*, fit only for small societies of good, peaceable men, who are contented to be poor so that they may be easy; but, in a large stirring nation, you may soon have enough of it. 'Tis an idle dreaming virtue, that employs no hands, and therefore very useless in a trading country, where there are vast numbers that, one way or other, must be all set to work. *Prodigality has a thousand inventions to keep people from sitting still:*" and this doctrine he enforces in language forcible and picturesque, and with a vast amount of misplaced and mischievous ingenuity. Indeed, Mandeville is scarcely inferior to Swift as a master of English, and his views of human nature and society were not more elevated.]

BOOK III.

TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

Ver. 19. *Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar.*] John Taylor, the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

> "I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence;
> For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
> I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I., and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

[Pope misquotes Taylor. He copied the above lines from Winstanley, and probably never looked into Taylor. In the edition of his works, 1630, towards the end of what he calls Taylor's Motto, a head-roll of what he has, what he wants, and what he cares for, the Water-poet says:—

> "I care to get good bookes, and I take heed
> And care what I doe either write or read;
> Though some through ignorance, and some through spite,
> Have said that I can neither read nor write.
> But though my lines no scholarship proclaim,
> Yet I at learning have a kind of ayme;
> And I have gather'd much good observations,
> From many humane and divine translations;
> I was well enter'd (forty winters since)
> As far as *possum* in my accidence;
> And, reading out from *possum* to *posset*,
> There I was mined, and could no farther get;
> Which, when I think upon, with mind dejected,
> I grieve to think how learning I neglected."]

JOHN WARD OF HACKNEY.

Ver. 34. *As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire as a great act of barbarity.—Key to the Dunc., 3rd edit., p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it:—(Durgen, 8vo. p. 11.

12.) "How unworthy is it of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation! What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind? It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime, for which the law is deficient not to punish him: nay, a crime which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court.) But it is evident this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps, therefore, it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward, the poet, when he stood there.

ELKANAH SETTLE.

Ver. 37. *The band and suit which Settle wore.*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet further in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 170. These are comfortable opinions, and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and, being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts). "Upon this he grew insolent, the wits wrote against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

[Settle's first tragedy, Cambyses, King of Persia, was, according to Dennis, acted for three successive weeks. His Empress of Morocco had a run of a month, and was acted at Whitehall, before the King, by the gentlemen and ladies of the Court, the prologue being written by Lord Rochester, and spoken by Lady Betty Howard. Rochester was the great patron of Settle, that he might mortify Dryden, and Dryden's friend, the Earl of Mulgrave.]

THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

Ver. 142. *And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.*] [Colley Cibber was peculiarly unfortunate in his family. The latest editor of his Life (Whittaker, 1830) gives the following account of the laureate's son and daughter. The picture is a gloomy one,—as dark and wretched as any in the Dunciad:—

"Theophilus Cibber, like his father, was a writer and performer, in the same caste of comedy, but with far inferior abilities and reputation. He was born in 1703, and regularly educated: but his indolence and extravagance involved him in difficulties, in which he showed so little principle that his character was irretrievably ruined. He was the husband of the celebrated tragic actress, Susanna Maria Cibber, whose talents were discovered and cultivated by her father-in-law, with a confident expectation of great success, in which it is well known that he was not disappointed. Her mean and dissolute husband entrapped this amiable woman into an illicit intercourse with a gentleman of fortune, with a view to gain damages, but his intentions being detected, he utterly failed, and gained nothing but ten pounds and universal contempt. A separation of course took place; and Mrs. Cibber, being regarded as the victim of her profligate husband, obtained both countenance and respect. This wretched man lost his life on his passage to Ireland, where he was engaged as a performer: the packet in which he embarked being cast away, he was drowned, with almost every person on board, in the winter of the year 1757, the same which terminated the life of his father. He was author of 'The Lover,' a comedy; of 'Pattie and Peggie,' a ballad opera; and also assisted in and superintended the collection entitled 'Cibber's Lives.'

"Charlotte, the youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, was also a very extraordinary person. At eight years of age, she was put to school, but by some curious neglect or caprice, was brought up more like a boy than a girl. As she grew up, her masculine propensities took a still more decided direction: she was much more frequently in the stable than the parlour, and handled a curry-comb much better than a needle. Shooting, hunting, riding races, and digging in a garden, formed her principal amusements. This wildness did not, however, prevent her obtaining a husband, in the person of Richard Charke, a famous player on the violin. Misconduct on both sides soon produced a separation, and Mrs. Charke obtained an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, as a second-rate actress, with a decent salary, where she might have looked to the gradual acquirement of reputation, had not her ungovernable temper induced her to quarrel with the manager, Fleetwood, against whom she wrote a farce, entitled 'The Art of Management.' He notwithstanding forgave and re-engaged her; but she soon left him a second time, and was reduced to the pitiable condition of a strolling actress, in which she more frequently appeared as a male than a female. In 1755 she came to London, and published a narrative of her life, the profits of which it is supposed enabled her to pass the remainder of her days in a hut by herself, in a state

of squalid misery which baffles description. She lived in this abject condition, which in its most disgusting features appears to have been voluntary, until 1750, when death terminated a course of folly, suffering, and imprudence which it is charitable to suppose must have been in some degree the result of disturbed or injured intellects. The autobiography of this unhappy woman, although much less meritorious, may possibly, in the way of singularity, be entitled to as much attention as that of her father."]

GILES JACOB.

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar.*] "This gentleman is son of a considerable maltster of Romsey, in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney, who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many law-books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c."—GILES JACOB of himself. Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the Author's friend, Mr. Gay. There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument: "He had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise he would never have subscribed two guineas to me, for one small book in octavo."—Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that of thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour. Mr. Dennis argues the same way: "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of select works, and afterwards to my two volumes of Letters."—Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayest beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature or charity.

——"duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!"—*Virg. Æn.* vi.

In the first edition it was,

"Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!"—

[Curll styles Jacob a Bristol attorney, the author of many useful law-books. The attack on Gay by Jacob, glanced also at Pope, for it was directed against the unsuccessful play, The What d'ye call it. Jacob died shortly before his satirist, May 8, 1744.]

JAMES RALPH.

Ver. 165. *Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece, called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled Night, a poem.

——"Visit thou the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous"—— SHAKSP.

This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English poets, printed in a London journal, Sept. 1728. He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

[Ralph was an extensive political writer, author of innumerable essays and pamphlets, and editor of several newspapers. His principal work was a continuation of Guthrie's History of England. He was very ambitious of the fame of a dramatist, and produced several pieces, none of which were successful. At one time he was associated with Fielding in the management of the Haymarket Theatre. Walpole says that Ralph's pen was rejected by his father, Sir Robert, but retained by Dodington and Waller; from them he devolved to the Prince of Wales, in his second opposition. He had the good fortune to be bought off from his last journal, the Protester, for the only paper he did not write in it! The Earl of Bute, in 1760, rewarded the zealous partizanship of Ralph with a pension of 600*l.* per annum from the crown. He enjoyed it but a short time, dying at his house in Chiswick in the following year, 1761.]

BURNET AND DUCKET.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair.*] One of these was author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intituled Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?—C.

[The "C," here was most likely meant to indicate Cleland. In the e litions before 1742, the comment appears as one of the author's own notes. There was also this epigram:—

"Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing forth in verse;
Both were so forward each would write,
So dull each hung an a—.
Thus amphisbæna, I have read,
At either end assails;
None knows which leads, or which is led,
For both heads are but tails."

The following couplet followed verse 180:—

"Famed for good nature, Burnet, and for truth,
Ducket for pious passion to the youth."

Colonel Ducket, it is said, threatened to cane the poet unless his name were withdrawn. This was accordingly done, Pope adding another note. "After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a pious passion for the other. It was a literal translation of Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri—and there, as in the original, applied to friendship: that between Nisus and Euryalus is allowed to make one of the most amiable episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense." Thomas Burnet was the third son of the Bishop. He was a wild and dissipated youth, but reformed, and died one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1753. His father, Bishop Burnet, it is said, one day observing Tom (as he was usually called) graver than was his wont, asked the reason, when the scapegrace said he was meditating a greater work than his (the bishop's) History of the Reformation —*the reformation of himself*. Colonel Ducket lived at Hartham, near Corsham, Wilts, and was Member of Parliament for Calne. He died Dec. 13, 1749.]

ANCIENT WORDS—STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

Ver. 187. *Right well mine eyes arede*[1] *the wyster wight*[2]
On parchment scraps y-fed and Wormius hight.[3]

[1] Read, or peruse; though sometimes used for counsel. "Reade thy read, take thy consaile. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked read his ear.

But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms the word read is changed into men. I say spurious editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are strange alterations, all for the

worse; and yet the title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is abominable in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others; I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats. —A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for uniformity, and have any regard for the old English Saxon tongue."—HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Glouc. artic. REDE. I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object, that such words are become unintelligible: since they are truly English, men ought to understand them; and such as are for uniformity should think all alterations in a language strange, abominable, and unwarrantable. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place.—SCRIBLERUS.

[2] Uncouth mortal.

[3] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused. Most rightly are ancient words here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but wisely, yea, excellently, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself.—Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester, Artic. BEHEFT; "Others say behight, promised, and so it is used excellently well by Thomas Norton, in his translation into metre of the 116th Psalm, ver. 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him behight.

Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is truly English, from the Saxon) have most unwarrantably altered it thus:

I to the Lord will pay my vows
With joy and great delight.

"In Cumberland they say to hight, for to promise, or vow; but hight usually signifies, was called; and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland."—HEARNE, ibid.

ORATOR HENLEY.

Ver. 199. *Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands.*] J. Henley, the orator: he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. Welsted, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1, published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at

Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire. From his own parish-school he went to St. John's College, in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c., for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood." He came to town, and after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the restorer of ancient eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a license from the king and parliament at one place as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctors' Commons; so set up his Oratory in Newport Market, Butcher Row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a-day; composed three dissertations a-week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church and all that in danger."—WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. 1. After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the primitive eucharist. This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers: the device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

[This is a fair account of Henley, who continued preaching and writing until shortly before his death, in 1756. A copy of one of his advertisements, dated in 1729, may serve to illustrate his style. "At the Oratory, in Newport Market, to-morrow, at half-an-hour after ten, the Sermon [will be on the Witch of Endor. At half-an-hour after five, the Theological Lecture will be on the conversion and original of the Scottish nation, and of the Picts and Caledonians, St Andrew's relics and panegyric, and the character and mission of the Apostles. On Wednesday, at six, or near the matter, take your chance, will be a medley oration, on the history, merits, and praise of Confusion and of Confounders in the road and out of the way. On Friday, will be that of Dr. Faustus and Fortunatus, and conjuration. After each the Chimes of the Times, No. 23 and 24."]

AUDITOR BENSON.

Ver. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ.*] W——m Benson (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson, for such a misrepresentation: but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been an architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

[In the fourth book of the Dunciad (v. 110), Pope again alludes to Benson, adding this note:—"This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by a great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book III. ver. 325." Warton volunteers a defence of Benson. "He translated faithfully, if not very poetically, the second book of the Georgics; he printed elegant editions of Johnston's Psalms; he wrote a discourse on versification; he rescued his country from the disgrace of having no monument erected to the memory of Milton in Westminster Abbey; he encouraged and urged Pitt to translate the Æneid, and he gave Dobson 10*l.* for his Latin translation of Paradise lost." His error with respect to Milton's monument was, that he said more of himself than of the poet in the inscription.]

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Ver. 326. *Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit.*] He was (saith Mr. Jacob) "one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace;" but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland; and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery: but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the *Examiner*: a falsehood well-known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

[Gildon confines his praise of Philips to his Pastorals: "he is, beyond controversy, the third at least in this kind of poesy." He adds, "This sort of poem has been the bow in which most of our young dabblers in rhyme have tried their strength, but, alas! not one besides Mr. Philips has hit the mark." He then praises Philips for avoiding the error into which Spenser fell by giving an obscure Northern dialect in imitation of the Greek Doric, which was familiar to all Greece, and he remarks:—"There have been poor and malicious endeavours made use of to ridicule that of Mr. Philips; but the effects were so wretched, and the malice so visible, that they are already dead, and therefore not worth our notice." This contemptuous allusion to Pope must have been sufficiently galling to the irritable poet. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry was published in 1718.]

GAY'S BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call it, Fables, and lastly, the celebrated Beggars' Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace,

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applause. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together; it was lastly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and the people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

[The original account-book of the manager, Mr. Rich, has been found, and extracts from it published in "Notes and Queries," January 19, 1850. From this it appears that the Beggars' Opera was acted for sixty-two nights at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and when the run of the piece was abruptly terminated by the advance of the season, and the benefits of the actors, the receipts at the door were on the increase. Of the sixty-two performances thirty-two were in succession, and the total sum realised by the thirty-two successive performances was £5351 15*s.*, of which Gay obtained £693 13*s.* 6*d.* To him it was all clear profit, but from the sum obtained by Rich are, of course, to be deducted the expenses of the company, the lights, house rent, &c. Miss Fenton, who performed Polly, left the stage at the end of the season, to be made Duchess of Bolton.]

BOOK IV.

EXORDIUM TO FOURTH BOOK.

VER. 1. *Yet, yet a moment,*[1] *one dim ray of light*
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night![2]
Of darkness visible so much be lent[3]
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.[4]
Ye Powers! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,[5]
Suspend awhile your force inertly strong.[6]

This book may be properly distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in anywise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet: of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.—BENT.

[1] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dull or dark soever: he next declareth his love for mystery and obscurity; and lastly his impatience to be re-united to her.—SCRIBLERUS.

[2] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

[3] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by halves, or imperfectly.—SCRIBLERUS.

[4] I understand it very differently; the author in this work had indeed a deep

intent; there were in it mysteries or ἀπόῤῥητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to Milton)

——"more is meant than meets the ear."—Bger.

[5] Fairly and softly, good poet! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this place.) For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion as divers others of more consequence have done: for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz. Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken upon us the office of commentator, to suffer our poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on the fragments of dark and uncouth authors, preferred Ennius to Virgil, and chosen to turn the dark lanthorn of Lycophron, rather than to trim the everlasting lamp of Homer.—Scriblerus.

[6] Alluding to the *vis inertiæ* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.

DULNESS ASLEEP UPON THE THRONE.—CIBBER.

Ver. 20. *Her laureat son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly, he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him, and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many king-consorts have done the like.—Scriblerus.

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "If he was not as seldom asleep as any fool?" But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243 of his own life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, "the reader will be as much pleased to find me a dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed him; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works; and if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity."—Bentley.

"When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look

upon it as any malice meant to me, but profit to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers."—Life of Colley Cibber, chap. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth Dunciad, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press; or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable lick at the laureate?—BENTLEY.

[It was very unlike Colley Cibber to be asleep anywhere, or to have no action in a piece of which he was hero. At eighty years of age he was the same brisk airy character that he was in his youth, and his gallant attentions to Mrs. Woffington, when long past threescore and ten, were the talk of the town.]

ACT FOR LICENSING DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

Ver. 43. *Nor couldst thou Chesterfield a tear refuse.*] This noble person, in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages.—SCRIBLERUS.

[The speech of Lord Chesterfield against the licensing bill brought in by Walpole, in 1737, was much admired. "This bill," he said, "is not only an encroachment on liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my lords, is a sort of property—the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence. We, my Lords, thank God, have a dependence of another kind." This sarcasm is worthy of Pope. Our author's anxiety to have a "lick at the laureate" on all occasions, is curiously evinced by the allusion to Chesterfield and Cibber in this note. The laureate does not mention the name of Chesterfield. His words are, "While this law was in debate, a lively spirit and uncommon eloquence was employed against it." And he then proceeds to show that the licentiousness of the stage called for some restraint. Lord Hervey, in his memoirs, states that "besides the general liberty that was taken at this time with religion, as well as government, in the theatrical representations, Sir Robert Walpole had got into his hands two plays in manuscript, which were the most barefaced and scurrilous abuse on the persons and characters of the King and Queen, and

the whole court, and made these insults on their Majesties a plea for having recourse to Parliament to put a stop to their being acted, saying he had tried all other methods, and found every other would be ineffectual." Lord Hervey also speaks in terms of high commendation of Lord Chesterfield's eloquent and witty speech, though approving, like Cibber, of the bill for regulating the stage.]

JUSTICE PAGE.

Ver. 39. *And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any person, loaded him with reproachful language.—SCRIBLERUS.

[Sir Francis Page was called "the Hanging Judge." He tried Savage for the alleged murder of Dr. Sinclair, in a tavern brawl, and pressed so hard for a conviction, that the jury found the poor poet guilty, and Page had the happiness of sentencing him to death. Savage, however, obtained a reprieve from the Queen, who afterwards generously allowed him £50 per annum, in return for which Savage, as the "Volunteer Laureate," honoured her Majesty with a birth-day ode. Page obtained his legal preferment by writing political pamphlets, though he is said to have been very illiterate. He commenced one of his charges to the grand jury of Middlesex with this statement:—"I dare venture to affirm, gentlemen, on my own knowledge, that England never was so happy, both at home *and abroad*, as it now is." Horace Walpole mentions, that when Crowle, the punning lawyer, was once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know, but I am sure he never was *just* before." In 1718 this unworthy and odious lawyer was made a Baron of the Exchequer; in 1726, Justice of the Common Pleas; and in 1727, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench. He died in 1741, aged 80.]

THE OPERA.

Ver. 45. *When, lo! a harlot form soft sliding by.*[1]
54. *Joy to great Chaos! let division reign!*[2]
55. *Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence.*[3]
61. *Another Phœbus.*[4]

[1] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera: its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of

patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in Book III. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway."

[3] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above mentioned.

[6] That species of the ancient music called the chromatic was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the diatonic kind. They say it was invented about the time of Alexander, and that the Spartans forbad the use of it, as languid and effeminate.

[4] "Tuus jam regnat Apollo."—VIRGIL.

Not the ancient Phœbus, the god of harmony, but a modern Phœbus of French extraction, married to the Princess Galimathia, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see Bouhours, and other critics of that nation.—SCRIBLERUS.

[Colley Cibber has noticed the introduction of the Italian opera into England, "in a lame hobbling translation into our own language, with false quantities, and metre out of measure to its original notes." The first Italian performer that made any figure here was Valentini, who sung in Italian while every other character sung and recited to him in English! (Cibber). An Italian songstress, Signora de l'Epine, was also in England, and a warm rivalry kept up between her and an Englishwoman, Mrs. Tofts. We were afterwards visited by Nicolini, 1708; Handel, 1710; Cuzzone, 1723; Farinelli, 1734. The sublime productions of Handel may be said to have naturalized the opera in this country, and now it bids fair to drive out the old national drama from our theatres.]

VERBAL LEARNING.

Ver. 175. *Oh* (*cried the goddess*) *for some pedant reign,*
Some gentle James to bless the land again!
181. *For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,*
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.[1]

The matter under debate is how to confine men to words for life. The instructors of youth show how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn

themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the goddess assures them will need a more extensive tyranny than that of grammar schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for arbitrary power; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of things, will encourage the propagation of words and sounds; and to make all sure, she wishes for another pedant monarch. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics in having her sons taught at least one thing; but that sufficient, the doctrine of divine right.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of learning thrives well under arbitrary government but verbal. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such governments to cultivate the study of things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of scholiasts and grammarians so soon overspread the learning of Greece and Rome, when once those famous communities had lost their liberties. Another reason is the encouragement which arbitrary governments give to the study of words, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of his country's liberties, and made the supreme court of parliament merely ministerial, he instituted the French Academy. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave magistrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: he told the assembly, that this adventure put him in mind after what manner an emperor of Rome once treated his senate; who when he had deprived them of the cognizance of public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best sauce for a turbot.

Wilson tells us that this king, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces. This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, letter 8), which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that glorious reign."

[1] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian:

"nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Rege pio."

But this I will say, that the words liberty and monarchy have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the fore-cited verse was thus,

"nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Lege pia."

and that Rege was the reading only of Dulness herself; and therefore she might allude to it.—Scriblerus.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: the genuine reading is Libertas, and Rege: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: it should be exit, not exstat, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never lost or went away with so good a grace, as under a good king: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words liberty and monarchy.—Essay on Crit.

"Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same laws herself at first ordain'd."

Who sees not, it should be, Nature like Liberty? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the author himself should oppugn), in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works.—Bentl.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Ver. 192. *Aristotle's friends.*] The philosophy of Aristotle had suffered a long disgrace in this learned university: being first expelled by the Cartesian, which, in its turn, gave place to the Newtonian. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to Baal, nor acknowledged any strange god in philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the goddess, come out like confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith in the *ipse dixit* of their master. Thus far Scriblerus.

But the learned Mr. Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this various fortune of Aristotle relates not to his natural, but his moral philosophy. For speaking of that university in his time, he says, "They seemed to have as implicit a reverence for Shakspeare and Jonson, as formerly for the ethics of Aristotle." See his Life, p. 389. One would think this learned professor had mistaken ethics for physics; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, viz. while he and the players were at Oxford.

It appears by this the goddess has been careful of keeping up a succession, according to the rule,

"Semper enim refice: ac ne post amissa requiras,
Anteveni; et sobolem armento sortire quotannis."

It is remarkable with what dignity the poet here describes the friends of this ancient philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum. But the word drove, armentum, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble Festus the grammarian assures us, Armentum id

genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum. And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a hundred head.—SCRIBLERUS.

Ver. 247. *See! still thy own the heavy canon roll,*
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.

Canon here, if spoken of artillery, is in the plural number; if of the canons of the House, in the singular, and meant only of one: in which case I suspect the pole to be a false reading, and that it should be the poll or head of that canon. It may be objected that this is a mere paronomasia or pun. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle goddess or more frequently used by her, and her children, especially of the university? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulness, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel; yet Milton feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest the devil was the author as well of false wit as of false religion, and that the father of lies was also the father of puns. But this is idle: it must be owned a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in later by most of the sons of the church; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the shameful passion for wit overthrew everything: and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *double entendre*.—SCRIBLERUS.

Here the learned Aristarchus ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of words, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of things, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on metaphysics, a kind of middle nature between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity with substance, and in its emptiness with names.—SCRIBLERUS.

CHEOPS.

Ver. 372. *Who like his Cheops.*] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius: for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys' Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

SYRIAN MEDALS.

Ver. 374. *Speak'st thou of Syrian medals!* The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the history of the Syrian kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden *bourrasque* freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary, Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first asked him whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing such a treasure: he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Ver. 487. *Or that bright image to our fancy draw,*
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw.

Bright image was the title given by the later Platonists to that idea of Nature, which they had formed in their fancy, so bright, that they called it Αὐτοφανὲς Ἄγαλμα, or the self-seen image, i.e. seen by its own light.

Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend to partake with him in these visions:—

"To-morrow, when the eastern sun
With his first beams adorns the front,
Of yonder hill, if you 're content
To wander with me in the woods you see,
We will pursue those loves of ours,
By favour of the sylvan nymphs!

and invoking first the Genius of the place, we 'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the sovereign Genius and first Beauty."—Charact. vol. 2, p. 245.

This Genius is thus apostrophized (p. 345) by the same philosopher:—

"—— O glorious Nature!
Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
All-loving, and all-lovely! all-divine!
Wise substitute of Providence! empower'd
Creatress! or empowering Deity,
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.]—Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura.

[There is often great beauty in the stately and melodious periods of Thesales, or Shaftesbury, while he dilates on his Platonic philosophy. To some of his airy speculations and reflections Pope might have subscribed. For example:—

"The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are often afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in one common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense, or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies and dependent on such pervertible organs?

"Here then is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon Nature. Nor is there aught in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal."

Pope was well acquainted with the works of Shaftesbury, as appears from his Essay on Man.]

AN ESSAY ON MAN:

TO

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[THE three first parts, or epistles of the ESSAY ON MAN, were published anonymously in 1732 and 1733. "The design of concealing myself," says Pope, "was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not? and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it." The poem was ascribed to various persons—to Dr. Young, to Dr. Desaguliers, Lord Paget and others. Dr. Alured Clarke (a courtly divine, whom Pope afterwards satirized) in writing to Lady Sundon, expresses a hope that the author, when known, would be found to be a *very good man*, else his scholars—that is, his readers—would be much mortified. Swift seems to have been among the number of the deceived, though his pride revolted at the idea of his being a dupe. When Pope apologized for not having told him the secret of the authorship, Swift wrote, "*Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man:* and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess, I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science from any one head." To the fourth part of the Essay Pope prefixed his name, thus dispelling the mystery which had given rise to so much interest and speculation, and also added materially to his reputation both as a poet and philosopher.

Many parts of the Essay, in sentiment, and also in expression, bear a close resemblance to the metaphysical treatises of Bolingbroke, and a question has been raised, and kindly discussed, whether the honours of originality should be awarded to the peer or the poet? Their common friend, Lord Bathurst, confidently stated that he had read the whole scheme of the poem, in the handwriting of Bolingbroke, drawn up in a series of propositions which Pope was to amplify, versify, and illustrate. An anonymous writer—supposed to be Mallet—makes a similar statement, and mentions a *large prose manuscript*, which Pope is reported to have produced on one occasion, naming Bolingbroke as the author, to explain the doctrines of the poem. Such positive assertions are startling, but they are not borne out by an examination of the facts of the case as disclosed, in the printed correspondence. It is certain

that Pope had for many years contemplated an ethical work of this kind—that Bolingbroke merely claimed the merit of having requested or instigated his friend to undertake the subject—and that Bolingbroke considered Pope's work to be an original. The Essay on Man was published before Bolingbroke had written his metaphysical disquisitions. It was probably the manuscript of one of those disquisitions, addressed to Pope, which Bathurst (who was never a critical reader or a metaphysician) had seen and mistaken for the scheme of the poem. Pope first suggested to his noble friend, that he should give the world the benefit of his philosophical studies.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

"In leading me," says Bolingbroke, "to discourse as you have done often, and in pressing me to write, as you do now, on certain subjects, you may propose to draw me back to those trains of thought which are, above all others, worthy to employ the human mind, and I thank you for it." He then discriminates between the style suited to the philosopher, and that adapted to the poet. "The business of the philosopher is to *dilate*, if I may borrow this word from Tully, to press, to prove, to convince: and that of the poet to hint, to touch his subject with short and spirited strokes, to warm the affections, and to speak to the heart." Having, however, for convenience, adopted the epistolary style, he states that his essays would be written with little regard to form, and with little reserve. "My thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind, just as they use to be when we converse together on these or any other subjects; when we saunter alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes

of your little garden." A pleasing picture in Pope's own manner! The hints communicated in these garden walks would germinate in the mind of the poet, and occasionally send him to his books, to see what Leibnitz, or Shaftesbury, or King, or perhaps the 'divine Plato' himself had indited on the subject. Shaftesbury's moralities would seem to have been often in his hand. But perhaps Bolingbroke, not content with discursive talk, would sometimes jot down his thoughts upon paper, and thus unfold more clearly and precisely his philosophical ideas to his friend. In this way, without supposing that Pope received the whole scheme of his poem from his friend, we may assign to the latter considerable influence in forming the poet's opinions, and also account for a similarity in sentiment and expression in their writings. Take, for example, the fine passage in the Essay on Man, epistle first, verse 53:—

"In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too, some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole."—Ep. I. v. 53.

Bolingbroke's prose is nearly the same:—

"We labour hard, we complicate various means to arrive at one end; and several systems of conduct are often employed by us to bring about some one paltry purpose; but God neither contrives nor executes like man. His means are simple, his purposes various: and the same system that answers the greatest, answers the least."—Bolingbroke, Frag. 43. Again, in Frag. 63, "In the works of men, the most complicated schemes produce, very hardly and very uncertainly, one single effect: in the works of God, one single scheme produces a multitude of different effects, and answers an immense variety of purposes." And in Frag. 43, "We ought to consider the world we inhabit, no other than as a little wheel in our solar system; nor our solar system any otherwise than as a little but larger wheel in the immense machine of the universe; and both the one and the other necessary, perhaps, to the motion of the whole, and to the pre-ordained revolutions in it."

Several such passages have been cited by Wakefield and others. The same trains of thought, the same illustrations, the same happy expressions and phrases abound in both. Bolingbroke has his *curiosa felicitas* as well as Pope. The poet tells us in a beautiful couplet that man is

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great."

St. John moralizes in a like strain. "This is the condition of humanity we are placed, as it were, in an intellectual twilight, where we discover but few things clearly, and none entirely, and yet see just enough to tempt us with the hope of making better and more discoveries." The Creator, says Pope, has

"On mutual wants built mutual happiness."

And Bolingbroke observes, "We are destined to be social, not solitary creatures. *Mutual wants* unite us, and natural benevolence and political order, on which our *happiness* depends, are founded in them." Who had these fine things first, is the point in dispute. Pope had the priority in publication; but might not his "guide, philosopher, and friend"—ever eager to communicate and to proselytize—have dropped the seed in the garden at Twickenham?

The stamina of Pope's philosophy appears at first sight to be exactly the same as Bolingbroke's. "The subject of the Essay," as Warton explains it, "is a vindication of Providence; in which the poet proposes to prove, that of all possible systems, Infinite Wisdom has formed the best: that in such a system, coherence, union, subordination, are necessary; and if so, that appearances of evil, both moral and natural, are also necessary, and unavoidable: that the seeming defects and blemishes in the universe conspire to its general beauty: that as all parts in an animal are not eyes; and, as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters, and colours are not alike; even so excesses and contrary qualities contribute to the proportion and harmony of the universal system, that it is not strange that we should not be able to discover perfection and order in every instance; because in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which sees not infinitely, can see nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the latter Platonists, and by Antoninus and Simplicius." Bolingbroke went no further than the ancients, and the sceptical moral philosophers. With him *whatever is, is right*, because our moral world is a system complete in itself, and we have "no occasion to call in the notion of a future state to vindicate the ways of God to man, because they are fully and sufficiently benevolent and just in the present." Pope extended his moral vision—

"'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole."

And he embraced the prospect of a future state, pictured by hope—

"Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind."

These glimpses of immortality are, however, but faintly seen in the poem, through the mists of metaphysics, and hence a charge of *fatalism* and *necessity* was brought against Pope. A Swiss Professor, M. de Crousaz, attacked the philosophy of the Essay, and the orthodox clergy were loud in its condemnation. Warburton came to the rescue of the poet, and the delight with which Pope hailed this volunteer effort shows that he had unintentionally carried his doctrine further than he intended, and that he shrunk from the accusation of infidelity. When the commentaries of Warburton appeared, Pope wrote to him, "You have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not." "The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem; your zeal for *truth* deserves affection from every candid man." "I am greatly obliged to you for your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man." "You

understand my work (the Essay on Man) *better than I do myself,*" &c. Warburton had, by great ingenuity and learned labour—straining the interpretation of some passages, and assigning marked prominence to others—reconciled the poem to Christianity, and vindicated and explained what the author left doubtful and obscure. With posterity, these commentaries have done little for the Essay on Man, but they are of importance towards the biography of Pope, in elucidating his intellectual character and religious opinions. Johnson charged the poem with "penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment,"—using vulgarity, however, to express only what was trite and common. The real value of the work lies in its poetry, and Pope never surpassed the best passages of the Essay in concise, forcible, and elegant expression, or in the variety, grandeur, and appropriateness of its imagery and illustrations. These are the "varying rays," and "painted clouds," with which he gilds and beautifies opinion, and adds a grace and lustre even to obsolete metaphysics, and to common-place philosophy.]

THE DESIGN.

Having proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the mind as in that of the body: more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for

two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will surpass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particulars to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

[The design to continue these moral disquisitions is seen in the title given to the Essay in the collected edition of Pope's Works, vol. ii. 1735. It there stands, "An Essay on Man, being the First Book of Ethic Epistles," &c.]

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relation of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver 281, &c., to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:[1]
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered, though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn, supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?

[1] [In the first Edition,
"A mighty maze of walks without a plan." The name of the poet's friend, St. John, was not given in this edition, the poem opening with, "Awake, my Lælius," &c.]

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

"OBSERVE HOW SYSTEM INTO SYSTEM RUNS."

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too, some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:[2]
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,[3]
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:

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[2] In the former Editions,

"Now wears a garland, an Ægyptian god."

[3] [The four lines, 73—76, are not in the editions of 1735. Warburton says, they followed verse 68 in the first edition, the fourth line being then:—

"As who began *ten thousand years ago*,"

which, discrediting the Mosaic account of the creation and duration of the world, probably suggested the alteration.]

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

ESSAY ON MAN, *Ep.* i. *lines* 99, 100.

III.] [*Page* 238.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,[4]
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.[5]
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,[6]
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar-walk, or milky-way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,[7]
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

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[4] After ver. 88, in the MS.—

"No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's gnat should die as Cæsar bleed."

[5] [Warburton says in the first folio and quarto, these lines were—

"What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss below."

Pope, however, had soon altered them to their present form, for they appear as above in the editions of 1735.]

[6] [In all the early editions, "confined *at* home." Warburton is said to have suggested the change.]

[7] After ver. 108, in the first edition:—

"But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he 's exalted to what state he would;
Himself alone high Heaven's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?"

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man 's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.[8]

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine—
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis replied), the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;

[8] [Warburton quotes the following illustration:—"While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs concentric: some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase till this system wants a reformation."—*Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, Quest. ult.*]

"FROM BURNING SUNS, WHEN LIVID DEATHS DESCEND."

The exceptions few: some change since all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears,
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;[9]
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,

[9] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

"THE SPIDER'S TOUCH, HOW EXQUISITELY FINE."

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,[10]
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:

[10] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this:—At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable that the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extract the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier:
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection, how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide;[11]
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,[12]
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or tenth thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.

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11 [Taken from Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel:—
"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."]

In first edition:—
"Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man."

Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great Directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent!
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.[13]

[13] [Pope had here an excellent opportunity of inculcating the Christian doctrine, as to a future state. Warton says, "Mr. Harte more than once assured me, that he had seen the pressing letter Dr. Young wrote to Pope, urging him to write something on the side of Revelation; to which he (Young) alluded in the first Night Thought:—

"O had he press'd his theme, pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man!"

And when Harte frequently made the same request he used to answer, "No, no! you have already done it; alluding to Harte's Essay on Reason, which Harte thought a lame apology, and hardly serious."]

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.[14]
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit, in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one Disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.[15]

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[14] In the MS.

"Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
Begins a Censor,—an Adorer ends."

[15] [In first edition,

"And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite*,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

The poet had afterwards discovered, or been shown, that the "truth" which subsisted "in spite of reason" could not be very "clear," and he substituted,

"And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite."

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon arguments and poetry.—*Johnson.*]

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.[1]
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;

[1] [In first edition,

"The proper science of mankind is man."

Warburton remarks, "The poet having shown, in the first epistle, that the ways of God are too high for our comprehension, rightly draws this conclusion: and methodically makes it the subject of his introduction to the second, which treats of the nature of man."]

In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world![2]

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;[3]
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;

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[2] In the MS.—

"For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh. Heaven made us as we are.
As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
To be like man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel thing we neither know nor see.
Observe how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his gods unkind,
Till set on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reasoning thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyself," &c.

[3] ["This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition."—Warburton. The two lines in the duodecimo edition of 1735 stand thus—

"The whirling planets in the balance lay,
Correct old Time and teach the sun his way."]

Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.[4]

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[4] [An unhappy illustration. The writer of a "Letter to Mr. Pope," &c., 1735, observes—"I think the sentiment here is not just, for how are we to take it? Are you mocking those same superior beings for regarding Newton in no better light than we do a baboon? Or are you satirizing the philosophers for presuming to pry into them? 'Tis plain that an ape is ugly and ridiculous (a *mantegar* more so) because she is like a man both in shape and manners. *Simia*, in Tully, *turpissima bestia, quam similis nobis!* So that if the gods show Newton as we show an ape, they must think him the most absurd, ridiculous, ugly thing that ever came amongst them: and as they made monkeys here below for us to laugh at, they must be glad they have got Newton in heaven above to laugh at themselves." Warburton argues that it is the *admiration* of the celestial spirits that is spoken of by Pope. "And it was for no slight cause they admired: it was to see a mortal man unfold the whole law of Nature. By which we see it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the ape's qualities, but its sagacity, into the comparison. But why the ape's it may be said, rather than the sagacity of some more decent animal, particularly the *half-reasoning elephant*, as the poet calls it, which, as well on account of this its excellence, as for its having no ridiculous side, like the ape, on which it could be viewed, seems better to have deserved this honour? I reply, because as a shape resembling human (which only the ape has) must be joined with great sagacity, to raise a suspicion that the animal thus endowed is related to man; so the spirituality which Newton had in common with angels, joined to a penetration superior to man, made those beings suspect he might be one of their order." The argument is ingenious, but certainly not convincing, for Pope avowedly makes the angels ridicule the folly and pride of the greatest of men. If the simile is not ludicrous and satirical, it has no point. Warton has shown that it is taken from one of the modern poets of Italy, who wrote in Latin, from the Zodiac of Palingenius.

"Simia Cœlicolum risusq; jocusq; ; Deorum est
Tunc Homo, cum temerè ingenio confidit et audet
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaq; Divum."]

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,[5]
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct but what is vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.

[5] In first edit.—

"Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?"

Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.[6]
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care:
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

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[6] In the MS.—

"Of good and evil Gods what frighted fools,
Of good and evil reason puzzled schools,
Deceived, deceiving, taught"———

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;[7]
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

"LOVE, HOPE, AND JOY, FAIR PLEASURE'S SMILING TRAIN;
HATE, FEAR, AND GRIEF, THE FAMILY OF PAIN."

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:[8]

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[7] In the MS.—

"A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no powerful gusts arise!"

[The idea is in Bacon.—"The mind would be temperate and stayed, if the affections, *as winds*, did not put it into tumult."—*Bowles.*]

[8] In the MS.—

"The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright."

These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Give all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act, they cease, in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions toss'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Even av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.[9]

[9] In the MS.—

"How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her charms!
Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms."

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul, abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.[10]
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, cost the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:[11]

[10] ["A Platonic phrase for conscience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For conscience either signifies, speculatively, the judgment we pass of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or else it signifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulations of our actions; and then it is properly conscience, the God (or the law of God) within the mind, of power to divide the light from the darkness in this chaos of the passions."—*Warburton.*]

[11] In the MS.—

"The Colonel swears the agent is a dog,
The scriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.

Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

"VICE IS A MONSTER OF SO FRIGHTFUL MIEN."

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And even the best by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.

Against the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pound the county twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
And dying, mourns small villains hanged by great."

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

ESSAY ON MAN, *Ep.* ii. *lines* 275, 276.

III.

(*Page* 271.

That counter-works each folly and caprice
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied:
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:

Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity in given in vain;
Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this,—though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

I. The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 166, and in the forms of society, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.

See dying vegetables life sustain,[1]
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone:
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:[2]

[1] [Taken from Shaftesbury's Moralist. "The vegetables, by their death, sustain the animals, and the animal bodies, dissolved, enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kind of birds or beasts; and these again are checked by man, who, in his turn, submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things."]

[2] ["Taken from Peter Charron; but such a familiar and burlesque image is improperly introduced among such solid and serious reflections."—*Warton.* In the editions of 1735, the image is continued in the following lines, wisely left out in the subsequent reprints:— ["What

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks: he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves:
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.[3]
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

" What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew: but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to man, mistook the matter quite."

A passage in one of Gay's Fables may have first suggested the illustration to Pope:—

" When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend,
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, 'All these were made for me!' "]

[3] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?[4]
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:

[4] After ver. 84 in the MS.—

"While man, with opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste."

"WHO TAUGHT THE NATIONS OF THE FIELD AND WOOD."

So from the first eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds,
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care

The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,
Still spread the interest and preserved the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part;

"MAN WALK'D WITH BEAST, JOINT TENANT OF THE SHADE."

Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake:
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;[5]
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;[6]
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;

[5] ["They who discourse of the inventions and originals of things, refer them rather to beasts, birds, and fishes, and serpents, than to man. So that it was no marvel (the manner of antiquity being to consecrate inventors) that the Egyptians had so few human idols in their temples, but almost all brute. Who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree when she spied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air, and to find the way from a field in flower a great way off to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn she buryeth in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?"—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*]

[6] It is a caution commonly practised among navigators, when thrown upon

Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,[7]
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods adored."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near[8]
Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or fear.

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a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the birds; and to venture on these without further hesitation.

[7] Oppian. Halieut., l. i., describes this fish in the following manner:—"They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

[8] In the MS. thus:—

"The neighbours leagued to guard the common spot;
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with tigers, that removed are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around. [No

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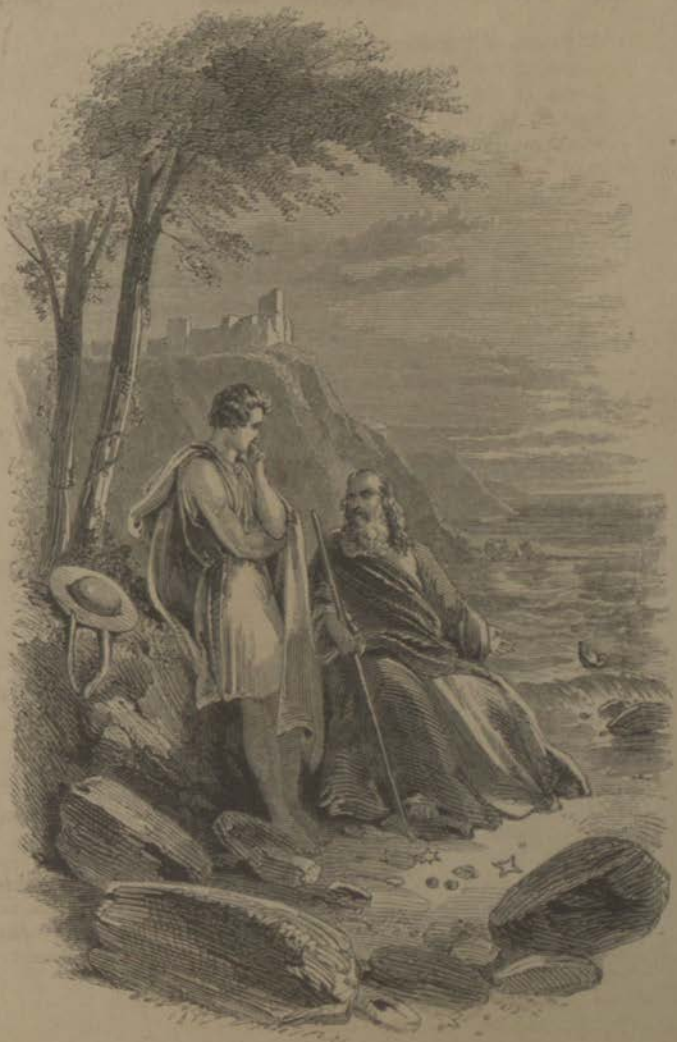

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

ESSAY ON MAN, *Ep.* iii. *lines* 177, 178.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.[9]
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great first Father, and that first adored.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love, all the faith and all the allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sovereign Being, but a sovereign good:

No treasure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for sunshine or for shade?
And half the cause of contest was removed,
When beauty could be kind to all who loved."

[9] [Copied from the poet's own epistle of Eloisa, ver. 92.]

True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.

"NEXT HIS GRIM IDOL SMEAR'D WITH HUMAN BLOOD."

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:

She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes:
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd the ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives self-love through just and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Even kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,[10]
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Resumed her ancient light, not kindled new
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,

[10] ["The poet seemeth here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece; and those benefactors to mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Aristotle; who, of all the pagan world, spoke best of God and wrote best of government."—*Warburton.*]

The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too:
Till, jarring interest, of themselves create
The according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer—strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest:[11]
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;[12]
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end:
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

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11 The author of these lines was far from meaning that no one form of government is, in itself, better than another (as, that mixed or limited monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute), but that no form of government, however excellent or preferable, in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of government, when the form of it is preserved, and the administration corrupt, is most dangerous. [Warburton states that Pope wrote this explanation in the margin of a pamphlet in which the two celebrated lines in the text were very much misapplied.]

12 ["His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I 'm sure, was in the right."
Cowley on Cleishaw.]

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world: and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 250, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 323, &c.

OH Happiness! our being's end and aim![1]
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

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[1] In the MS. thus:—

"Oh Happiness, to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth, we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour and we die."

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

"SOME PLACE THE BLISS IN ACTION, SOME IN EASE."

Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind
This bids to serve, and that to shun, mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;

Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;[2]
Some, swell'd to gods, confess even virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.[3]

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[2] [In the editions of 1735 this passage stands—

"Who thus desire it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
One grants his pleasure is but rest from pain,
One doubts of all, one owns even virtue vain.
Take Nature's path," &c.]

[3] In the MS.,—

"Say not, 'Heaven's here profuse, there poorly saves,
And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves.'
You 'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heaven has made that one."

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.[4]
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While these are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?

[4] In the MS.,—

"'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
The rest mad fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliss by accident's debarred:
But virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
In hardest trials operates the best,
And more is relish'd as the more distress'd."

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.[4]
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just![6]
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust![7]
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife![8]
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?

[4] In the MS.—

"Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich."

[6] [Lucius Cary, the second Viscount Falkland, whose memory Clarendon has embalmed in one of his most finished and beautifully-drawn characters. He was learned, eloquent, and high-minded, but probably better fitted for speculation than action. His first public services were on the side of the Parliament, but he afterwards embraced the cause of Charles, and died in battle, a volunteer, at Newbury, in 1643, aged thirty-four.]

[7] "This epithet has a peculiar justness; the great man to whom it is applied not being distinguished, from other generals, for any of his superior qualities so much as for his providential care of those whom he led to war; which was so uncommon, that his chief purpose in taking on himself the command of armies seems to have been the preservation of mankind. In this godlike care he was more distinguishably employed throughout the whole course of that famous campaign in which he lost his life."—*Warburton.*

[Marshal Turenne was killed by a cannon shot, July 27, 1675, near the village of Saltzbach. Voltaire, in his affectionate record of his death, says, "It seems as if one could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears: but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man who should be lamented.' These words may be compared with the most heroic sayings recorded in all history."]

[8] [Sir Philip Sidney, the flower of the English nobility, in the chivalrous and romantic reign of Elizabeth, was mortally wounded in a victorious action near Zutphen, and died on the 17th of October, 1586. His body was brought

Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,[9]
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?[10]
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?[11]
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till man improved it all.[12]
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,[13]
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

to England, and buried in St. Paul's, amidst the tears and regrets of the whole nation, by whom he seems to have been idolised. Sidney's prose and verse, his Arcadia, Defence of Poesy, and Songs and Sonnets, gave him a high reputation in his own day, but the want of nature and genuine passion has been fatal to their popularity. Some of his fine lines and sentiments, however, are still current, and his name and history possess a never-dying interest.]

[9] [See Pope's epitaph on the Hon. Robert Digby, who died in 1727.]

[10] [The celebrated Bishop of Marseilles, M. de Belsance, distinguished himself in a particular manner, by his intrepid zeal and philanthropy during the time of the great plague in Marseilles, in 1720. The bishop lived till 1755. The two lines of Pope were worth more than all the honours heaped upon the good prelate by Louis XV. and the Pontiff.]

[11] [Pope's mother died the same year, 1733, that this fourth epistle was published.]

[12] In the MS.—

"Of every evil since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man."

[13] [Alluding to the fate of the elder Pliny, who, being at Misenum during the great eruption of Vesuvius, in the first year of Titus, and being anxious to make observations on the phenomenon, incautiously exposed himself, and was suffocated.]

On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?[14]
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care!
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, There is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;

[14] [Hugh Bethel, Esq., the poet's friend, who was afflicted with asthma. For Chartres (v. 130) see Moral Essays, Ep. II.]

Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.[14]
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind.
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

[14] In the MS.—

"Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts."

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

"COUNT ME THOSE ONLY WHO WERE GOOD AND GREAT."

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:[16]
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.

[16] In the MS. thus:—

"The richest blood, right honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest:
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ-Church once all colleges beside."

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies.
Where, but among the heroes and the wise?
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;[17]
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates,[18] that man is great indeed.

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[17] [Warton disclaims this too-comprehensive epithet applied to Alexander the Great. "Think of the scene in Darius's tent; of the foundation of the city of Alexandria, and the extent of its commerce; of the many colonies he established; of his refusing to treat the Persians as slaves; of the grief expressed by the Persians at his death; of the encouragement he gave to arts, both useful and elegant; and of his assistance to Aristotle, his master, in making experiments and promoting science." Mr. Bowles sobers down this praise, by referring to Alexander's conduct towards the Syrians, and those who bravely opposed him in India. "His political wisdom was undoubted; his kindness and his cruelty were, I fear, alike capricious." His death, at the early age of thirty-three, pleads powerfully in mitigation of excesses, while it exalts our conceptions of the intellect of this great conqueror and ruler. His genius and fame held together a vast empire which proved too great for other hands, and soon become dismembered and inglorious.]

[18] [There is certainly an impropriety in the use of the word "bleed" in the case of Socrates, who died by the poison of hemlock. The actual circumstances of his death might have been finely brought out by Pope, as an

What's fame? A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living,[19] as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave!
When what to oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence![20] yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

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illustration of the effect of superstition, sordid riches, and tyrannical power, combined against mere intellectual superiority, virtue, and innocence.]

[19] [Prince Eugene died three years afterwards, at Vienna, April 10, 1736. His history is a romance—a poem in action. One incident must suffice here. At the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, he was severely wounded, and was pressed to leave the field. He refused. "Of what use will it be," said he, "if we are to die here? And if we are to live, there will be time enough for the surgeon's work in the evening."]

[20] [An expression in Addison's Cato.]

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,[21]
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens, who lay,
How happy those to rain, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,[22]
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:

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21 ["Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name."—*Cowley.*
Warburton supplies an illustration of the perishable nature of this "fantastic glory," from a circumstance related by Sacheverell, in his voyage to Icolmkill, or Iona. He visited the ruined cathedral, and there he states, "In one corner is a peculiar enclosure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the Isle of Man. This (said the person who showed me the place, pointing to a plain stone) was the monument of the Great Teague, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is greatness, that has barely left a name scandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meanest of mankind would never envy."]

22 [The whole of this striking passage, down to verse 309, is a satire on the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.]

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day:
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:[25]
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow;
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know

[25] In the MS.—

"Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy."

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find;)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;[24]

[24] [This simile is copied from Chaucer, who is equally minute in his description.]

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.[1]

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

[1] [Originally, "Left conscience free, and will."]

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by Thy breath;
Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

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THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

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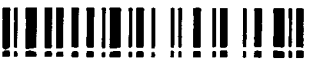

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